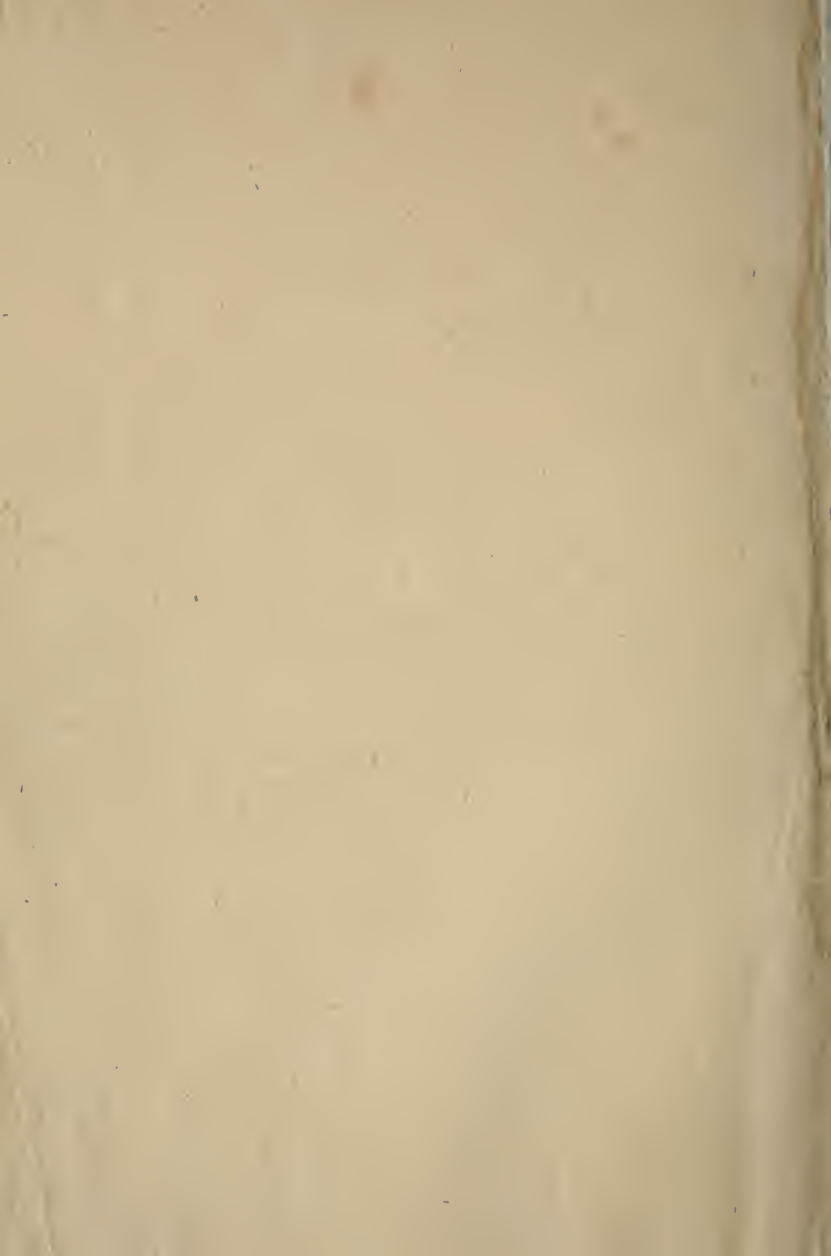





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INTERESTING
ANECDOTES,
MEMOIRS,
ALLEGORIES,
ESSAYS,
AND
POETICAL FRAGMENTS,
TENDING
TO AMUSE THE FANCY,
AND
INCULCATE MORALITY.

BY MR. ADDISON.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

1797.

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A
COLLECTION

OF INTERESTING

Anecdotes, Memoirs, &c.

ANECDOTE

OF

DOCTOR YOUNG.

THIS eminent writer, and amiable man, was remarkable for the urbanity of his manners and the cheerfulness of his temper, prior to a most disastrous family contingency, which threw a shade on all the subsequent part of his life. He was once on a party of pleasure with a few Ladies, going up the water to Vauxhall; and he amused them with a tune on the German flute. Behind him several Officers were also in a boat rowing for the same place, and soon came alongside of the boat where the Doctor and the Ladies were.

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The

The Doctor, who was not very conceited of his playing, put up his flute on their approach. One of them instantly asked, "Why he ceased playing, or put up the flute in his pocket?" "For the same reason (said he) that I took it out, to please myself." The son of Mars very peremptorily rejoined, "That if he did not immediately take out his flute and continue his music, he would instantly throw him into the Thames." The Doctor, in order to allay the fears of the Ladies, pocketed the insult with the best grace he could, and continued his tune all the way up the river.

During the evening, however, he observed the Officer who acted thus cavalierly, by himself in one of the walks, and making up to him, said, with great coolness, "It was, Sir, to avoid interrupting the harmony either of my company or your's, that I complied with your arrogant demand; but that you may be satisfied courage may be found under a black as well as a red coat, I expect you will meet me to morrow morning at a certain place, without any second, the quarrel being entirely *entre nous*."

The Doctor further covenanted in a very peremptory manner, that the business should be altogether

together settled with swords. To all these conditions the Officer implicitly consented. The duellists met the next morning at the hour and place appointed; but the moment the Officer took his ground, the Doctor presented to his head a large horse pistol. "What (said the Officer,) do you intend to assassinate me?" "No (said the Doctor,) but you shall this instant put up your sword, and dance a minuet, otherwise you are a dead man." Some short altercation ensued, but the Doctor appeared so serious and determined, that the Officer could not help complying. "Now, Sir, (said the Doctor,) you forced me to play yesterday against my will, and I have obliged you to dance this day against your's: we are again on an equal footing, and whatever other satisfaction you demand, I am ready."

The Officer forthwith embraced the Doctor, acknowledged his impertinence, and begged for the future they might live on terms of the sincerest friendship, which they ever did after,

THE PEEVISH PAIR ;

A MORAL TALE,

For the married of both Sexes.

THE happiness of domestic life is sometimes destroyed by the crushing weight of a capital calamity ; but, in general, domestic felicity is interrupted by a number of little grievances originating from the imperfections of those who, though they find it convenient upon the whole to live together under the same roof (setting aside all mutual regard, which is, however, the strongest cement of domestic life,) are continually harassing each other, either by an oblique deviation from their respective modes of thinking, or by a declared opposition to their respective sentiments and opinions, in the most irritating manner, so that they live in a state of perpetual disquiet ; and, instead of endeavouring, by reciprocal compliances, in various shapes, to make their cohabitation happy, they take pains to render it reciprocally disagreeable. In how many families do we find the harmony of them disturbed by paroxysms of passion ! In how many more may the discordant dialogues carried on in them be attributed

buted to a series of peevish complaints and petty provocations !

Of all the couples that were ever joined by the saffron-robed deity, few did him less credit than Mr. and Mrs. Jolliffe, as soon as they had surfeited themselves with the first-fruits of matrimony. The honey-moon was certainly sweet enough : but though it might have been extremely palatable to their own taste, their carriage wanted the seasoning of discretion to make it relished by their friends ; who, while they rejoiced to see them both look as if they did not repent of the deed they had done, (for there are some pairs who come away from the altar of Hymen as if they had halters about their necks,) thought that they might have shewn their mutual satisfaction in a less disgusting way.

The fulsome deportment of new-married men and their wives before company, has been often reprehended, and with reason ; for surely they, by such deportment, give no favourable proofs of their understandings, whatever prejudices they may excite in favour of their hearts : No—feldom is an union of them to be discovered by any visible signs or tokens : the union of persons is commonly brought about by motives very different
from

from those which affection would have suggested.

The Jolliffes were united by love, because they appeared handsome in each others eyes, and because they were too young to suppose that they should be tired of loving when their new connection became familiar to them. Equally poetical and just are the following lines, which Addison has put into the mouth of his Numidian Prince :

Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.

Mr. Jolliffe having married his Lucy more for her features, and for her complexion, than for her internal charms ; more for the tincture of her skin, than for her talents or her temper, soon found her beauty so familiar to his eyes, that its power over him gradually diminished : *it palled upon the sense*, and he began to wish that he had not loaded himself with shackles, the pressure of which grew every day, from the time they first pained him, less supportable ; they grew, indeed, intolerable, not to be endured.

Many men in Jolliffe's condition would have given a vent to their painful sensations in a
language

language full of sound and fury, in a storm of words: they would have rattled their chains; they would have made every room in their houses ring with their execrations against the cursed state in which they were doomed to a taxation, for the removal of which they would have drank gallons of tea with the greatest pleasure. But the matrimonial hero of the present narrative was not of a fiery disposition: he was not at all addicted to a clamorous disclosure of his domestic grievances: he felt them keenly indeed, but he discovered his feelings chiefly by the sullenness of his looks, and the peevishness of his interjections. Mrs. Jolliffe happening to be of the same sulky temper, as fretful a woman as ever breathed, and heartily sick of her George, when he ceased to compliment her upon her personal attractions, was in a continual pout from morning to night, and found herself out of humour with every thing about her. With all the peevishness of her husband, she had, however, more spirit, and in consequence of her superior vivacity, often treated her servants with the overflowings of that discontent which his indifference had provoked. It must be confessed, that this etching is a harsh one: I wish it may not be thought too correct by many of those for whose examination, (I will not say instruction,) it was drawn.

When

When a married couple are in the state of conjugal unhappiness above mentioned, they cannot be supposed to be very desirous of each others company; for on what can their conversation turn, but upon the grievances which each of them endures from the mutual cessation of conjugal love?

The Jolliffes, in their state of unhappiness, certainly took pains to avoid any close conferences, being well assured that they could hardly converse upon any subject without coming to a quarrel; and neither of them chose to risque the utterance of expressions which might terminate in a separation, and so they grumbled on when they were at home. At home, however, they were seldom together; to each of them almost any place was more agreeable; they were of course to be met with oftener in others houses than in their own. By their frequent and separate engagements abroad, they contrived to avoid spending much time with each other; but when they did meet, their peevishness returned with double force, and every moment was miserable, though neither of them could scarce tell why it was so. They could not fairly charge each other with the commission of any capital offences, but they were unhappy.

In this unenviable way Mr. and Mrs. Jolliffe lived for some years ; and, having no children, there were no parental ties to strengthen the conjugal ones. Quite weary at last of living in a state of perpetual contradiction, though they never came to an open rupture, they mutually agreed to separate in form, for their mutual relief.

When the articles of agreement were signed and sealed by Mr. and Mrs. Jolliffe, the latter went to reside with a female friend, with whom she had been very intimately connected from her infancy ; and, upon her removal to her house, could not keep the satisfaction which she felt, in consequence of her separation within decent bounds. She was, indeed, checked a little by her friend for her effusions ; but the reproofs which she received, rather served to encourage than to suppress them. Mr. Jolliffe, on his part, not feeling himself less pleased with his new arrangement, enlarged the circle of his acquaintance, and plunged himself into new scenes of dissipation.

It has often been observed, that the very persons who are ready to fight when they are in conversation together, are, notwithstanding the opposition

position of their sentiments always together ; and that, though they are sure to dispute with no small warmth whenever they meet, seem to be never happy asunder. The Jolliffes were of this whimsical turn : during the years which they dragged on, sincerely wishing to break the bands which tied them to the oar of matrimony, they really thought they should be happy if they could only bring themselves to live as if they were not married ; and, after having signed their articles of separation, they behaved as if they wondered that they had not adopted such a mode of proceeding before : they seemed to be surprized at their having punished themselves so long. But how great is the fickleness of human nature.

When the Jolliffes had been a few months released from each other by mutual consent, without the interposition of lawyers, they began to wish for the demolition of the agreement, which had occasioned their residence in different parts of the town.

Mrs. Jolliffe, supported at first by her pride, felt all her love return ; that love which she felt for her handsome George when he first made his addresses to her.

These

These new feelings, or rather the revival of her old ones, threw her into a train of reflections on her past conduct ; with which, though she could not reproach herself with any criminal action, she was not at all satisfied.

George, not less displeased with his past behaviour, began to think he had deprived himself of a great deal of conjugal felicity by it.

In short, both he and Mrs. Jolliffe now sincerely wished to reside under the same roof, and felt themselves very uneasy in their state of separation ; but each of them was also too proud to take any steps to open the door of reconciliation : and it is highly probable that if some of their friends had not officiously, but surely with a laudable solicitude, interfered, they would never have been re-domesticated. By their interference, however, a reconciliation was soon brought about. The once peevish pair listened to the remonstrances and to the persuasions of their friends, and, in a projected interview, all former animosities were forgotten : the broken threads of conjugal affection were joined, and, from that time, the reconciled husband and wife, both convinced, by experience, that they were unable to live unconnected with each other, in the most amiable
 sense

sense of the words, endeavoured to make amends for their past peevishness, by saying and doing every thing in their power to promote each others connubial felicity.

THE AFFECTIONATE WIFE

AND

HEROIC DAUGHTER,

A FRENCH ANECDOTE.

IN this polite age, when a princess enters into the fifth month of her pregnancy, physicians, surgeons, and men-midwives assume the direction of her health: she is scarce allowed to stir out of her apartment, in the easiest carriage, and upon the smoothest road; the risque is too great for her condition. Were she ever so desirous of making an excursion only from Versailles to Fontainebleau, they would, with solemn faces oppose it. Cayet, sub-preceptor to Henry IV. relates, that, “ Jean of Albret, having requested to accompany her husband in the Picardy wars, the king, her father, laid his commands upon her to come away, should she prove with child, to be delivered

delivered in his house; adding, that he would take care of the child, boy or girl." This princess being pregnant, set out, in her ninth month, from Compiègne, crossed all France down to the Pyrenees, and in a fortnight reached Pau, in Berne. She was very desirous, added the historian, to see her father's will, which was kept in a large gold box, with which also was a gold chain of such a length as to go twenty-five or thirty times about a woman's neck: she asked him for it. "Thou shalt have it" said he, "on thy shewing me the child now in thy womb, so that it be no puny, whimpering chit. I give thee my word the whole shall be thine, provided that whilst thou art in labour, thou singest me a Berne song, and I will be at thy delivery." Between mid-night and one o'clock on the 13th of December, 1553, the princess's pains came on: her father, on notice, hastened down, and she, hearing him come into the room, chanted out the old Berne lay,

*Notre Dame du Bout du Pont,
Aidez moi en cette heure, &c.*

Immediately after delivery, her father put the gold chain about her neck, and gave her the gold box, in which was his will, saying, "There, girl,
that

that is thine, but this belongs to me." taking up the babe in his gown, without staying till it was dressed, and carried it away to his apartment. The little prince was fed and brought up, so as to be inured to fatigue and hardship, frequently eating nothing but the coarsest common bread; the good king, his grandfather, had given such orders. He used, according to the custom of the country, to run about bare-headed and bare-footed, with the village boys, both in winter and summer.

Who was this prince?—Henry the Fourth.

THE RECLAIMED HUSBAND.

IT is the custom among too many married women, when their husbands prove unfaithful, when they have unchaste connections, to discover their resentment in such a manner as to frustrate their own designs. Keen invectives and clamorous reproaches are feeble efforts to recall a wandering heart to the first object of its love: such efforts will, in general, only tend to banish it for ever. There are some wives who have
had

had recourse to gentle means and mild proceedings, for the reformation of their wedded libertines, and for the recovery of their affections; those wives certainly take the method most likely to gain the consummation of their matrimonial wishes.

Antonio, a Florentine of rank and fortune, on his marriage with Bianca, the daughter of a Milanese gentleman of a good family, but in no way upon a footing with him, promised himself the highest felicity in the nuptial state, as he had raised her to a sphere in life to which her birth had not entitled her, and as she had given him the greatest encouragement to believe that his ardent passion for her was sincerely returned. It was her beauty which first allured his eye, but it was her merit which won his heart. With many personal, she had also many intellectual charms; with many brilliant accomplishments she had not a few shining virtues; and had she been elevated to a throne, she would have rather dignified than disgraced it.

With such an attractive and so amiable a wife, Antonio thought himself, and surely not without reason, one of the happiest husbands in Florence—in all Italy: and Bianca, on the other hand, by
her

her whole behaviour sufficiently convinced him that her felicity depended entirely upon the continuance of his conjugal affection. She loved him, indeed, with such a warmth, as well as purity of passion, that she was wretched in his absence ; and was often ready to say to him, in the fondling language of Juliet, when business forced him from her :

I would have thee gone,
 And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
 That lets it hop a little from her hand,
 Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
 And with a silk thread pulls it back again,
 So jealous loving of his liberty.

It will be naturally supposed, by some readers of this tale, that a woman of such a cast, especially an Italian, was of a suspicious disposition ; and that the extravagance of her love made her liable to be alarmed by every appearance of neglect in the man who reigned sole in her tender bosom. Such a conclusion is by no means irrational, or to be wondered at ; but the heroine of these pages, though born in a land which may be called the region of jealousy, was not personally acquainted with the green-eyed monster. She felt, it is true, an inexpressible uneasiness when

When Antonio was under a necessity, arising from his public avocations, to leave her, for days, for weeks, for months; but as she had the firmest reliance on his conjugal honour, and the strongest assurances of his conjugal regard, her disquiets were not additionally sharpened by any reflections injurious to his fidelity. Those who find themselves disposed to say, "Such a wife deserves the most constant of husbands," will be still more so before they get to the end of this narrative. It is now time to take a nearer view of Antonio, and to bring him forward upon the canvass. Young, gay, handsome, sensible, and accomplished, he made a brilliant figure among the fair, and though not an abandoned libertine, had been engaged in several fugitive connections, which proved him to be of a changeable temper. It was from the visible turn in his temper to variety, that three-fourths of the city of Florence, when they beheld him with his lovely bride, prognosticated that a large portion of infelicity would fall to her share, if she placed the happiness of her life on the stability of his attachment to her. Their predictions were natural, but they were not verified; for though Bianca did consider the stability of her husband's attachment essential to her domestic happiness, she had not the misery of a jealous wife, (the misery pre-supposed) su-

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peradded

peradded to the wretchedness of the neglected one.

As Antonio was a man on whom no woman could look with indifference, a man whom the majority of females beheld with the eyes of partiality, he had the most powerful temptations to draw him from his matrimonial duties; and as he was, with a thousand good qualities, as well as winning *agremens*, of an amorous constitution, they were too often irresistible—too often; the words may be, with propriety, repeated, for he frequently, in the gratification of his licentious passions, produced scenes of exquisite distress in the families, whose daughters were rather seducing than seduced; and plunged himself into numberless situations of which he sincerely repented, when he seriously reflected upon them.

There are but too many persons in the world at all times ready to put us out of conceit with ourselves, our friends, our houses, our furniture; with every thing, in short, belonging to us. When such people endeavour to sow dissention between married pairs, they are more than impertinent, they are guilty of very mischievous proceedings. To hear those who behave in this manner with a total inattention, is to treat them

as they deserve, but it is also to treat them with too much consideration; they merit corporal punishment, and it is a pity that no penal laws are in force for the correction of the wanton follies of malevolence.

By one of these malevolæ (for her concealed enemy, under the specious mask of friendship, was a woman) Bianca was briskly attacked; and had she been addicted to jealousy, she must have been robbed of her peace, as jealousy and peace can never dwell together in the same breast. When the former enters it, the latter immediately wings its flight.

By this false friend Bianca was informed, that her husband was faithless; that it was impossible to enumerate the breaches he had made in his nuptial vows; that he associated with the most profligate women in Florence; and that he, of course, had no pretensions to the tenderness which she discovered for him.

This friendly intelligence was imparted to Bianca in a compassionating tone, and the communicative creature, from whose lips it flowed with a volubility equal to her malice, lamented, every now and then, with the strongest appearances of sympathetic

pathetic concern, her union with a man who had, by his actions, amply convinced her that he was too general a lover to be permanently devoted to any one woman.

When this malevolent lady had finished her inflammatory address, not without hopes that it would have rendered the affectionate wife as miserable as she wished her to be, merely because she could not (galled by the pressure of her own domestic grievances) bear to see another woman happy in the marriage state, she waited with the utmost impatience for an answer, full of resentment, full of rage ; but she was inconceivably disappointed. Bianca, instead of making a reply agreeably to her expectations, delivered a speech in return which breathed nothing but—mildness and content.

“ If you think you have told me any news, my
 “ dear Camilla, said she, with the greatest calm-
 “ ness of utterance, by acquainting me with An-
 “ tonio’s visits to other women, you are very
 “ much mistaken. I am no stranger to them ;
 “ but while he behaves in the most unexcep-
 “ tionable manner, when he favours me with his
 “ company at home, I think it my duty (I am sure
 “ it is my interest) to give no disturbance to his
 pleasures

pleasures abroad, which do not make him re-
 gardless of me. Whenever I have the happi-
 nefs of his fociety, he is cheerful, and good-
 humoured, and not only speedily complies with
 all my little requests, but strives to read my
 wishes in my eyes, that he may gratify them
 before they are verbally expreffed. Can I, then,
 with the leaft propriety, blame fuch a husband
 for amufing himfelf with other women? No,
 Camilla: while he continues fo kind to me, I
 I fhall not upbraid him with his infidelities."

This fpeech filenced the lady, who had pro-
 voked it by her needlefs difclofures, attended
 with commentaries equally unneceffary, and ſhe
 made no more attempts to irritate her friend to
 reſent her husband's inconfancy, leſt ſhe ſhould
 be thought really actuated by the *evil ſpirit* which
 too plainly appeared to be *her ruling ſpirit*, not-
 withſtanding all her endeavours to conceal the
 baſeneſs of her intentions.

Bianca, however, though ſhe ſeemed, before
 Camilla, to be ſufficiently ſatisfied with Antonio's
 behaviour to excuſe his irregular amours, was far
 from being pleaſed with his conduct, or eaſy un-
 der the weight of her reflections upon his tempo-
 rary defections. As a prudent wife, ſhe carefully
 kept

kept all her uneasiness confined to her own bosom ; but, as a woman of quick sensibility, she felt Antonio's vagrant propensities too forcibly to enjoy that mental quiet which even those among her dearest intimates imagined in her possession. It was the first, the supreme wish of her heart, to reclaim her roving husband ; but not thinking (like some other hot-headed politicians upon other occasions) that violent measures would be efficacious, she determined to adopt the most gentle modes of proceeding for the attainment of her laudable desires ; she resolved also, at the same time, to keep a strict guard over her words, and even her looks, that Antonio might not hear or see any thing to lead him to suspect she had the slightest knowledge of his supplemental engagements.

In one of his rural excursions, happening to be uncommonly struck with the beauty of a young country girl, he was stimulated by a passion which he could not controul, to gain a conquest over her virtue ; and, as he had met with considerable success in all his amorous manœuvres, he was not deterred from an attack by any apprehensions of a defeat. But as he found, upon a minute enquiry into his new dulcinea's life, parentage, and education, that she was the only daughter of
very

very honest, though poor peasants, and had been carefully taught by them to look upon a good name as a jewel not to be estimated, he very prudently made his approaches to an intimacy with her, in the most cautious, in the least alarming manner. Instead of attacking her, he directed his flattery against the father and mother, particularly the latter; and reckoned upon the power of his purse with all that presumption natural to those minions of fortune, who have been accustomed to find their money sufficient to procure them every sort of pleasure this world can afford.

Pretending to be extremely indisposed one day, while he was upon a concerted ride by the cottage where the parents of his fair rustic inhabited, he was, agreeably to his hopes, invited by them, with as much respect as civility, to step into their little hovel, and to stay there till he was better. The civilities he met with were very grateful to him, and the alacrity with which they bestirred themselves to remove the indisposition he complained of, gave him additional satisfaction. After having conversed some time with the old Baucis and Philemon, and accepted of what they offered him, as anodynes to his pains, he presented some pieces of gold to the latter, and
took

took his leave ; but before he got to the door, turned about and asked them if they had not a daughter. On their answering him in the affirmative, he then desired to know if they were willing to part with her to have her placed in an advantageous situation. He had been previously informed that it was their design to send her to service, and consequently was not surprised when they replied, that Jaquinetta would be proud to be taken into a good lady's house, and do her best to please her. Animated by this reply, Antonio told them, that if they would send Jaquinetta to a lady of his acquaintance (giving them her name and place of abode) she might depend upon being well received, well treated, and well paid, if she proved deserving of encouragement.

The parents of Jaquinetta now poured out their gratitude in expressions which were not the less acceptable to the ears of their supposed benefactor, because they came from lips unacquainted with the language of elegance, and called their daughter out of a field, in which she was at work, to communicate the glad-tidings to her, for they were too simple-hearted, too ignorant of the world, to imagine that the fine gentleman who had put them in a way to provide for their child, harboured

harboured designs of an infamous nature (however countenanced by the great) against her.

The appearance of Jaquinetta threw all the blood in Antonio's body into a state of agitation. Destitute as she was of every advantage resulting from dress, she charmed his eye, and had she been alone with him, her virtue would have been perhaps, in no small danger; but he was too much corrected by the presence of her parents to discover any amorous emotions at the sight of her; such emotions he certainly felt, but he kept them down; nay, so great was his command over his passions, that he seemed hardly to take notice of her; and he retired without ever stealing a glance.

When he had made this beginning, which had, in his opinion, a very promising aspect, he steered his course to the lady whom he had prepared for the intelligence he had to impart,—a lady who had been often useful to him upon similar occasions. To her Jaquinetta was introduced a few days afterwards by her mother, in consequence of Antonio's recommendation, and hired upon the spot. “ I like your daughter's looks so well, said Mariana to the old woman, from what I have heard of your bringing her up, that I shall give her more than I intended to to young

a fervant, and if she behaves discreetly in her station, she shall find her place a profitable one.

Thoroughly satisfied with these flattering assurances, and fully persuaded that she had disposed of her daughter to advantage, the unsuspecting mother of Jaquinetta returned home to her cottage, calling down blessings all the way she went on the heads of Antonio and Mariana. Had she known the secret of their hearts, her blessings would have been converted into execrations.

The character of Antonio wants no development, and a few traits of Mariana's will mark her's—She was in the autumn of life, and one of those women who are more to be dreaded by those among her own sex, who wish to keep their virtue in the highest preservation, than the most formidable men. She had been handsome, and was far from having a person void of allurements. When Jaquinetta entered into her service, her manners were seducing beyond expression.

Such was the woman into whose hands Jaquinetta was placed, and under whose protection she would have found herself in the most trying situation, if Bianca had not removed her from
the

the house in which her ruin was projected, before it could be accomplished.

Bianca, having by chance, met with a letter from Mariana to her husband, concerning this innocent girl, and discovered by the contents of it, that she was, between them, doomed to destruction, repaired privately to the deluded parents, and acquainted them with the danger to which their daughter was exposed, earnestly pressed them to send for her home directly, while she was in a state of innocence, as she was pretty well assured that no attempts had yet been made to violate her chastity. She also, without letting them know that Antonio was the person who had recommended their daughter to so improper a woman as Mariana, desired them to put her under her care, upon her removal. With this request they readily complied, after having repeatedly thanked her for her generous behaviour, which sufficiently convinced them of the goodness of her heart. They recovered their Jaquinetta, and carried her to her new mistress. When Antonio (having been prevented from going to Mariana after the arrival of Jaquinetta, by some business which called him another way) returned to his palazzo, in order to acquaint Bianca with the determination of a law-suit, in which she was particularly

particularly interested, the first person he saw, upon his arrival, was Jaquinetta. He was very much surprised at the sight of her at his own house, but he asked her no questions. No sooner did he see Bianca, however, than he said to her, with a smile, "Where did you pick up this pretty-creature in my absence."

Bianca, without seeming to have any knowledge of his proceedings relating to her, told him, that as she had accidentally heard of her being hired by Mariana, she had apprehensions with regard to the safety of her honour in her house, which strongly prompted her to remove her from it. "You are very sensible, my dear Antonio, continued she, smiling, that Mariana is not the properest person to have young women, who are to get their living under her care, especially girls as pretty as Jaquinetta is."

Conscious of having schemed Jaquinetta's ruin,—convinced that Bianca had, by some means, discovered his iniquitous designs, and charmed with the delicacy of her conduct upon the occasion, he was almost determined to bid adieu to all his illegal intimacies, and attach himself for the future to her alone: he was thoroughly weaned from all
such

such intimacies in a short time afterwards, by a singular accident :

In consequence of a sharp quarrel between him and one of his mistresses, (a very amiable woman, setting aside her unlawful connection with him,) Antonio had not only withdrawn his person but his purse from her, so that she was, by his desertion, reduced to a pitiable condition ; and her spirits were so much affected by the mortifying alteration in her circumstances, that she had several times attempted to lay violent hands upon herself, but had been prevented from committing so criminal an action, by the fortunate interposition of the honest villagers with whom she lodged.

Bianca, hearing of this unhappy creature's melancholy situation, which she sincerely compassionated, was so moved by the recital, that she could not help to pay her a visit, in order to render her life more supportable, by pecuniary assistance and Christian consolation. Making herself, therefore, look as much like an old woman, and as forlorn a figure as she could (for particular reasons) she directed her steps to the humble habitation where the despairing Ursula pined away her cheerless hours.

Meeting

Meeting her in a field adjoining, which led to the public road, feebly advancing with the aid of her landlord's son, she accosted her in the most soothing terms, and entreated her to return to her apartment, as she had something to communicate which merited her attention.

Before she could receive an answer from the afflicted fair one, she perceived her husband driving towards them in a superb carriage, and apparently in danger from the wild and irregular movement of two mettlesome horses.

Antonio having, upon mature consideration, repented of his cruelty to a woman whom he had seduced, was hurrying to seal a reconciliation ; and, indeed, from his eagerness to see her again, made too violent a use of his whip. The nearer the carriage approached, the more immediate his danger seemed to her. Ursula, terrified at the thought of his being killed, fainted in the arms of her new friend. Just at that moment, Antonio seeing her in that condition, and evidently on his account, jumped out, and threw himself on the ground. There, stunned by the fall, he lay for some minutes, without any signs of life. When he recovered, with the help of the young man by whom Ursula was attended,

and

and beheld his wife (whom he instantly recognized, in spite of her disguise,) not only supporting her in her arms, but hanging over her with the tenderest concern painted in her face, he was more agitated than he yet had been ; and his agitation now produced the happiest effects. At Bianca's earnest request he made a handsome provision for the much-injured Ursula, and from that hour, thoroughly *reclaimed*, became an *exemplary husband*.

ON THE UNHAPPINESS OF WOMEN,

WHETHER SINGLE OR MARRIED.

THE condition of the female sex has been frequently the subject of compassion to medical writers, because their body is such, that every state of life brings its peculiar diseases ; they are placed, according to the proverb, between Scylla and Charybdis, with no other choice than of dangers equally formidable ; and whether they embrace marriage, or determine upon a single life, are exposed, in consequence of their choice, to sickness, misery, and death.

It

It were to be wished, that so great a degree of natural infelicity might not be increased by adventitious and artificial miseries; and that beings, whose beauty we cannot behold without admiration, and whose delicacy we cannot contemplate without tenderness, might be suffered to enjoy every alleviation of their sorrows. But, however it has happened, the custom of the world seems to have been formed in a kind of conspiracy against them, though it does not appear but they had themselves an equal share in its establishment; and prescriptions which, by whomsoever they were begun, are now of very long continuance, and by consequence of great authority, seem to have almost excluded them from content, in whatsoever condition they shall pass their lives.

If they refuse the society of men, and continue in that state which is reasonably supposed to place happiness most in their own power, they seldom give those that observe their conduct, or frequent their conversation, any exalted notions of the blessings of liberty, for whether it be that they are angry to see with what inconsiderate eagerness the rest of their sex rush into slavery, or with what absurd vanity the married ladies boast the change of their condition, and condemn the heroines who endeavour by their example to
 assert

assert the natural dignity of their sex ;—whether they are conscious that, like barren countries, they are free only because they were never thought to deserve the trouble of a conquest ; or imagine that their sincerity is not always unsuspected, when they declare their contempt for men ; it is certain, that they generally appear to have some great and incessant cause of uneasiness, and that many of them have at last been persuaded, by powerful rhetoricians, to try the life which they had so long contemned, and put on the bridal ornaments at a time when they least became them.

Such is the condition of life, that whatever is proposed, it is much easier to find reasons for avoiding than embracing marriages, though a certain security from the reproach and solitude of antiquated virginity, has, in the manner it is usually conducted, many disadvantages, which take away much from the pleasure which society promises, and which it might afford, if pleasures and pains were honestly shared, and mutual confidence inviolably preserved.

The miseries indeed, which many ladies suffer under conjugal vexations, are to be considered with great pity, because their husbands are often

not taken by them as objects of affection, but forced upon them by authority and violence, or by persuasion and importunity ; equally resifless, when urged by those whom they have been always accustomed to obey and reverence ; and, it very seldom appears, that those who are thus despotic in the disposal of their children, pay any regard to their domestic and personal felicity, or think it so much to be enquired whether they will be happy, or whether they will be rich.

There is an œconomical oracle received among the prudential and grave part of the world, which advises fathers to marry their daughters, lest they should marry themselves : by which, I suppose, it is implied, that women, left to their own conduct, generally unite themselves with such partners as can contribute very little to their own felicity. Who was the author of this maxim, or with what intention it was originally uttered, I have not yet discovered, but imagine, that however solemnly it may be transmitted, or however implicitly received, it can confer no authority which nature has denied ; it cannot licence Titius to be unjust, lest Caia should be imprudent ; nor give right to imprisonment for life, lest liberty should be ill-employed.

That

That the ladies have sometimes incurred imputations which might naturally produce edicts not much in their favour, must be confessed by their warmest advocates; and I have indeed seldom observed, that when the tenderness or virtue of their parents has preserved them from forced marriages, and left them at large to chuse their own path in the labyrinth of life, they have made any great advantage of their liberty: for they have generally taken the opportunity of an independent fortune to trifle away their youth in the amusements of the town, and lose their bloom in a hurry of diversions, recurring in a succession too quick to leave room for any settled reflections: they have grown old without growing wise; they have seen the world without gaining experience; and at last have regulated their choice by motives trivial as those of a girl, or mercenary as those of a miser.

Melantha came to town upon the death of her father, with a very large fortune, and with the reputation of a much larger; she was therefore followed and caressed by many men of rank, and by some of understanding: but having an insatiable desire of pleasure, she was not at leisure, from the park, the gardens, the theatres, visits, assemblies,

assemblies, and masquerades, to attend seriously to any proposal, but was still impatient for a new flatterer, and neglected marriage as always in her power, till in time her flatterers fell away, some wearied with treating, and others offended by her inconstancy: she heard of concerts to which she was not invited, and was more than once forced to sit still at an assembly, for want of a partner. In this distress, chance threw in her way Philaurus, a man vain, glittering, and thoughtless as herself, who had spent a small fortune in equipage and dress, and was shining in the last suit for which his taylor would give him credit. He had been long endeavouring to retrieve his extravagance by marriage, and therefore soon paid his court to Melantha, who, after some weeks of insensibility, at last saw him at a ball, and was wholly overcome by his performance in a minuet. They married; but a man cannot always dance, and Philaurus had no other method of pleasing: however, as neither of them was in any degree vicious, they live together with no greater unhappiness than vacuity of mind, and that tastelessness of life, which proceeds from a satiety of juvenile pleasures, and an utter inability to fill their place by nobler and more suitable employments. As they have known the fashionable world at the
same

same time, they agree in their notions of all those subjects on which they ever speak, and being able to add nothing to the ideas of each other, they are much inclined to conversation, but very often join in one wish, "That they could dream more and think less."

Arabella, after refusing a thousand offers from men equal in rank and fortune, at last consented to marry Clodius, the younger brother of a duke, a man without elegance of mein, beauty of person, or force of understanding, who, while he courted her, could not always forbear illusions to her birth, and hints how cheaply she would purchase an alliance to so illustrious a family. His conduct, from the hour of his marriage, has been insufferably tyrannical, nor has he any other regard to her than what arises from his desire that her appearance may not disgrace him. Upon this principle, however, he orders always that she should be gaily dressed, and splendidly attended; and she has, among all her mortifications, the happiness which she always wished for, of taking place of her elder sister.

A PICTURE OF TRUE POLITENESS.

POLITENESS is the just medium between form and rudeness. It is the consequence of a benevolent nature, which shews itself to general acquaintance in an obliging, unconstrained civility, as it does, to more particular ones, in distinguished acts of kindness. This good-nature must be directed by a justness of sense, and a quickness of discernment, that knows how to use every opportunity of exercising it, and to proportion the instances of it to every character and situation. It is a restraint laid by reason and benevolence upon every irregularity of the temper, which, in obedience to them, is forced to accommodate itself even to the fantastic laws which custom and fashion have established, if by that means it can procure, in any degree, the satisfaction or good opinion of any part of mankind: thus, paying an obliging deference to their judgment, so far as it is not inconsistent with the higher obligations of virtue and religion.

This must be accompanied with an elegance of taste, and a delicacy observant of the least trifles, which tend to please or to oblige: and though its foundation must be rooted in the heart, it can
scarce

scarce be perfected without a complete knowledge of the world.

In society, it is the medium that blends all different tempers into the most pleasing harmony, while it imposes silence on the loquacious, and inclines the most reserved to furnish their share of the conversation. It represses the ambition of shining alone, and increases the desire of being mutually agreeable—It takes off the edge of railery, and gives delicacy to wit—It preserves a proper subordination amongst all ranks of people, and reconciles a perfect ease with the most exact propriety.

To superiors, it appears in a respectful freedom; no greatness can awe it into servility, and no intimacy can sink it into a regardless familiarity.

To inferiors, it shews itself in an unassuming good-nature. Its aim is to raise them to you, not to let you down to them. It at once maintains the dignity of your station, and expresses the goodness of your heart.

To equals, it is every thing that is charming; it studies their inclinations, prevents their desires, attends to every little exactness of behaviour, and
all

all the time appears perfectly disingaged and careless.

Such, and so amiable is true politeness; by people of wrong heads and unworthy hearts disgraced in its two extremes, and by the generality of mankind, confined within the narrow bounds of mere good-breeding, which in truth, is only one instance of it.

B O N M O T.

DURING a court mourning, Lord D——— thought to say a very polite thing to her Grace. “You look, said he, like so many brilliants displayed by a jeweller to the best advantage on black.”—“My Lord, said she, every thing is brilliant here but your observation, and that is *mournful* indeed.”

ANECDOTE

OF

ADMIRAL BLAKE.

THIS country never produced a man of more resolute courage, or unshaken integrity, than Admiral Blake. His heart was entirely English. The love of his country was the principle from which he never deviated. Whatever party prevailed at home, he was still the same, the defender of his country, and the avenger of her wrongs. “It is not (said he, when Cromwell assumed the Sovereign Power,) the business of a seaman to mind state affairs, but to hinder foreigners from fooling us. Let us not perplex ourselves with domestic disputes, but remember that we are English, and our enemies foreigners; enemies, which, let what will party soever prevail, it is equally the interest of our country to humble and restrain.”

H O P E.

COME Hope, thou sweetest balm of human
woe;

And bid the gushing tear forget to flow:

G

Calm

Calm the rude passions struggling in my breast,
 And lull, with promis'd joys, my woes to rest :
 Lest I should sink beneath the ponderous load ;
 Be thou my staff thro' life's vexatious road ;
 Or rather walk attendant by my side,
 My sweet companion, and my faithful guide ;
 Shew me where, on some distant rural plain,
 A safe retreat from sorrow's anxious train,
 Retir'd and buried in an humble cot,
 " The world forgetting, by the world forgot."
 My long lost troubles may for ever cease,
 And years of woe be crown'd by years of peace.

ON TRUE PATIENCE,

As distinguished from Insensibility.

HOWEVER common, and however intense
 the evils of human life may be, certain it is,
 that evils equally great, do not affect all men
 with an equal degree of anguish ; and the dif-
 ferent manner of sustaining evils, arises from one
 of these two causes ; a natural insensibility, or an
 adventitious fortitude, acquired by the exertion
 of patience. Apathus, when a school-boy, was
 not remarkable for quickness of apprehension, or
 brilliancy

brilliancy of wit ; but though his progress was slow, it was sure, and the additional opportunities of study, which he enjoyed by being free from those avocations which vivacity and warmth of constitution occasion, made him a tolerably good scholar. The fullness of his deportment, however, alienated the affections of his teachers ; and, upon the slightest misdemeanors, he often underwent the punishment of the rod, which he always bore without a tear, and without complaint. He had not long been at school, before his father and mother died of a contagious fever. Preparatory to the disclosure of so mournful an event to an orphan son, many precautions were taken, many phrases of condolence studied. At length, the master took him aside, and after several observations on the instability of human affairs, the suddenness of death, the necessity of submission to Providence, and inefficacy of sorrow, told him, that his parents were no more. To this, Apathus replied, by observing, without any visible alteration in his countenance, that he suspected something of that kind had happened, as he had not received his letters at the usual time ; but that he had not said any thing on the subject, as he thought his being possessed of a fine fortune by the event, was a matter that concerned nobody but himself. “ For, (says he) as the death was sudden,

sudden, there probably was no will, and my father being pretty warm, as they call it, and I being an only son, I think I shall be very well off." Here he was interrupted by his master, who was now desirous of some degree of that grief which he had before been solicitous to prevent. "And are you not affected (said he) with the loss of the dearest friends you had in the world?" "Why, Sir, (replied the insensible) you have just now been teaching me to submit to Providence, and telling me, we must all die, and the like; and do I not practise your precepts?" The master was too much astonished to be able to answer, and hastily left the young man; who probably concluded the day with a feast of gingerbread, or a game at marbles.

Soon after he left school, he took it into his head to enter into the state of matrimony. But here let the gentle reader be informed, that he was not induced to submit his neck to the yoke by any of those fine feelings which constitute love. The object of his choice had ten thousand pounds; and he considered that ten thousand pounds would pay for the lady's board. When the little prattlers were arrived at that age when none can behold them without pleasure, they were seized with an unfavourable small-pox, and

and feverally carried from the cradle to the grave. The constant attendance of the mother, on this occasion, brought on a fever, which, together with a weakness, occasioned by an advanced state of pregnancy, proved fatal. Then, at last, Apathus was observed to fetch a sigh, and lift up his hands to heaven—at the sight of the undertaker's bill. A thousand misfortunes in business have fallen to his lot, all which he has borne with seeming fortitude. He is now, at length, reduced to that state, in which gentlemen choose to take lodgings within the purlieus of St. George's-fields: but there is no alteration in his features; he still sings his song, takes his glass, and laughs at those silly mortals who weary themselves in wandering up and down the world without controul.

Thus Apathus affords a striking instance of that power of bearing afflictions which arises from natural insensibility. Stoicus will give us a better idea of patience as a virtue.

From that period at which the mind begins to think, Stoicus was remarkable for a quality, which, in children, is called shamefacedness. He could never enter a room full of company without shewing his distress, by a violent suffusion of blushes. At school, he avoided the commission
of

of faults, rather through fear of shame than of punishment. In short, an exquisite sensibility, at the same time that it gave him the most exalted delight, frequently exposed him to the keenest affliction. Thus, from being acquainted with grief, though a stranger to misfortune, he acquired a habit of bearing evils before any heavy ones befel him.

Stoicus was designed for a literary life, which, to the generality of mankind, appears almost exempt from the common attacks of ill-fortune: but if there were no other instance of the peculiar miseries of the student, Stoicus alone might evince the groundlessness of such an opinion. From a sanguine temper, he was prone to anticipate success; and from an enterprising disposition, was little inclined to sit down contented without a considerable share of reputation. Influenced by his love of fame, he ventured to appeal to the public taste, and actually sent into the world a performance of great merit: but as the work wanted some popular attractions, it was soon neglected and sunk into oblivion.

An evil of this kind, perhaps, the merchant or the manufacturer may treat with contempt.

They,

They, however, who with the same feelings have been in the same predicament, will know the anguish which secretly tormented the disconsolate Stoicus. This disappointment was the first affliction of his life, and on this he long meditated without intermission. He has not again ventured to publish, and therefore has had no cause of uneasiness from the ingratitude of the many-headed monster: but the evils of his private life have been numerous and afflictive beyond conception. The death of an amiable wife, a constant state of sickness, expectations continually disappointed, have concurred to overwhelm him—but all their efforts have been fruitless. The reflections of philosophy and religion fortify him against every attack, and I never visit him without observing a placid smile of resignation diffused on his countenance. He is sensible of the real weight of every evil, and at the same time sustains it with alacrity. He draws resources from himself in every emergency, and with the nicest feelings is become perfectly callous.

This is genuine patience, and though the former may by some be thought a happiness, the latter only can be esteemed a virtue. Sensibility, with all its inconveniencies, is to be cherished by those who understand and wish to maintain the dignity
of

of their nature. To feel for others, disposes us to exercise the amiable virtue of charity, which our religion indispensably requires. It constitutes that enlarged benevolence which philosophy inculcates, and which is indeed comprehended in Christian charity. It is the privilege and the ornament of man ; and the pain which it causes is abundantly recompensed by that sweet sensation which ever accompanies the exercise of beneficence.

To feel our own misery with full force is not to be deprecated. Affliction softens and improves the heart. Tears, to speak in the style of figure, fertilize the soil in which the virtues grow. And it is the remark of one who understood human nature, that the faculties of the mind, as well as the feelings of the heart, are meliorated by adversity.

But, in order to promote these ends, our sufferings must not be permitted to overwhelm us. We must oppose them with the arms of reason and religion ; and to express the idea in the language of the philosopher, as well as the poet of Nature ; every one, while he is compelled to feel his misfortunes like a man, should resolve also to bear them like a man.

ANECDOTE

OF

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

THOUGH ill-qualified either by the habits of his life, or the inclinations of his mind, to compliment the ladies, some moments are known to have arisen in which he soared above his natural impoliteness, and assumed the gallantry and good breeding of a professed admirer of the sex. Having one day clasped within both his hands the hand of Mrs. Piozzi, remarkable for its symmetry and its whiteness, he smiled, and pointing at it as she withdrew it, said, "You have sometimes reproached me with the vanity of giving the preference to my own works; is it not a full confutation of the charge to declare, that *this* is the finest work that ever came *out of my hands?*"

THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

A Moral Tale.

LORD WELBROKE was a native of London; and having had the misfortune to lose his noble parents in his infancy, the care of his

II

education

education devolved upon strangers, who strove rather to cherish his passions than to subdue them. Naturally virtuous, however, as he grew up, study, and the culture of the fine arts, became his favourite amusement; and to indulge these with the greater freedom, he spent the most part of his time at his estate, which was not distant many miles from the capital.

One day, as his Lordship took a solitary walk, absorbed in thought, he found himself in the heart of a little forest, and heard two female voices. On turning to one side, he beheld—with transport beheld—a young lady of angelic form, and an elderly one, who seemed to be her mother.

He accosted them with respect, and presently learned their names and their station. Mrs. Bruce, the mother, further added, that she was a widow of a Scotch gentleman, whose estate had been forfeited on account of his activity on the rebel side in the year 1745; that she and her daughter Sophia, rented a little farm about two miles off; and that it was owing to the fineness of the evening they had strayed so far.

The young Lord begged of the ladies, that they would permit him to wait on them home;
and

and on their arrival at their homely afylum, he beheld the Temple of Virtue and of Innocence. It appeared to him the work of enchantment; and with difficulty could he prevail with himself to quit it.—His whole soul was now engrossed with the idea of Sophia. He frequently renewed his visits; and in a little time, charmed with her beauty, her virtue, and her sensibility, and regardless of her want of fortune, he determined to marry her. During the eve of his nuptials, as he was on the road to wait upon his bride, he met a servant in tears, who informed him, that two men in masks, with a number of attendants, had by force taken possession of the house, and that they had carried off, they knew not whither, Mrs. and Miss Bruce.

Distracted at the news, Welbroke clapped spurs to his horse, returned to Welbroke Castle, and ordered his servants to search through every different road. But every effort to procure tidings of the ravishers was vain.—Three days had elapsed when he had received an anonymous letter, informing him that Mrs. Bruce and her daughter were no more.—Had death instantly followed upon this intelligence, it had been well. A fever was the consequence of it; and for near a year he remained in a state of the most excruciating

ciating uncertainty, and almost bereft of reason. At the end of that period, he seemed to have regained his former tranquillity ; and, tired of a country which had no longer any charms for him, since it contained the grave of his Sophia, he determined to make the tour of Europe.

Thus were the affairs of Lord Welbroke situated, when, on his arrival at Rome, he met with, and contracted a peculiar friendship for Farelli, one of the youngest, but, at the same time, one of the most distinguished, painters of Italy.

Though fortune smiled not at the birth of this Italian, yet Nature had been lavish to him of her gifts.—His education had been excellent ; and the beauties of Homer and Virgil were not more familiar to him than those of Raphael and Corregio.—He was susceptible of violent passion ; but his soul, though elevated and benevolent, was naturally melancholic and gloomy ; a circumstance, which, perhaps, rendered him the more endearing to the disconsolate Welbroke. The generosity of his Lordship, and the gratitude of the painter, kept equal pace :—The union was so firmly linked, that, in Rome, they received the appellation of the two brothers.

His

His Lordship continued about two years in the unreserved indulgence of his melancholy, and of his passion for the fine arts. Farelli and he could no longer live asunder. At the expiration of this period, Welbroke received a letter from the hand of Mrs. Bruce herself, informing him, that her daughter was still alive; that her heart was invariably his; that, having escaped from the villains who had carried them off, they had recovered possession of their house; but that, till they had the happiness of meeting in England, she would delay all mention of particulars. The surprise, the ecstasy of his Lordship are not to be described. He instantly began to prepare for his return into England; and Farelli, the friend of his heart, having, with pleasure embraced the offer of accompanying him, they set off in a carriage and four, and at length arrived in London.

No sooner did they reach Grosvenor-street, than his Lordship calling to the coachman to stop, alighted; and having ushered the Italian into an elegant house, he left him, begging him to consider every thing around him as his own till he should return,

There are secrets in love, which are not, at all times, to be revealed, even to a friend. Farelli
was

was still a stranger to the passion of his noble benefactor; and for some days he hardly once saw him, or knew what conjecture to make. At length Welbroke proposed a trip to his estate in the country, which was about twenty miles distant; and, on their arrival, having previously revealed to him the story of his love, he introduced him to Mrs. Bruce, and to the mistress of his heart. Lost in ecstatic admiration of the heavenly graces of Sophia, the painter stood without speech, and without motion. In vain did he attempt to conceal his confusion. The whole company perceived it, but never dreamt the cause of it. Day after day did this unhappy passion triumph with redoubled sway in the breast of Farelli:—every consideration gave place to it. The caresses of his friend, hitherto the pleasure of his life, yet heightened a flame which gradually preyed upon his life—his life, which was one continued, but fruitless struggle to banish Sophia from his heart, to banish himself for ever from her presence.

The absence of the Duke of Vermont, Lord Welbroke's uncle, whom affairs of state had called for a few weeks to the Continent, was now the only obstacle to his Lordship's marriage. Every hour he was expected, and every hour planted a fresh

fresh dagger into the heart of the Italian. At length his Grace arrived ; and Welbroke and his dear Sophia were within a few minutes of being solemnly united in the bands of wedlock.

Great God ! support me while, with quivering hand, I write the rest.—Just, though impervious, are the motives of all thy actions !

Almost in the very instant that Sophia had prepared to come forth from her apartment, dressed in all her bridal ornaments, to meet her beloved Lord, and to proceed with him to the altar, the frantic Italian rushed into her presence, and with one plunge of his sword, sent her into the regions of immortality.

The shriek of death was heard by the servants of the family.—They flew to the chamber of Sophia, who was already breathless, and extended upon the ground. “ ’Tis I, ’tis I, cried the Italian, who have slain your mistress—behold my bloody sword.—Suffer me this instant to expire upon her body, and I will bless you.” It is not in language to express the situation of the young Lord, or the hapless mother, when the fatal tidings reached their ears. The murderer was immediately conveyed to London under a strong guard ; and when
brought

brought to his trial he attempted not to extenuate his crime ; he freely confessed, that it was in the madness of disappointed love he had committed the horrid deed ; and, as the only favour, he begged that his punishment might be instantly enforced. Within two days the wretched culprit was brought from his horrid dungeon ; and, amidst the execrations of a multitude of spectators, he received the reward of his bloody perfidy. Let his example teach us to be doubly diligent in the correction of our passions, and in permitting them not to trample upon the laws of reason and virtue !

EPITAPH ON MR. GAY.

BY MR. POPE.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild ;
 In wit, a man ; simplicity, a child :
 With native humour tempering virtuous rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and lash the age :
 Above temptation, in a low estate,
 And uncorrupted, ev'n among the great :
 A safe companion, and an easy friend,
 Unblam'd thro' life, lamented in the end.

These

These are thy honours ! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with Kings thy dust ;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies GAY.

AFFLICTIONS.

WE ought to make a good improvement of
past and present afflictions. If they are
not sanctified to us, they become a double cross ;
but if they work rightly in us, and convince us
of our failings, and how justly we are afflicted,
they do us much good. Affliction is a spiritual
physic for the soul, and is compared to a furnace ;
for as gold is tried and purified therein, so men
are proved, and either purified from their dross
and fitted for good uses, or else entirely burnt up
and undone for ever. Therefore may all who
labour under any kind of affliction have reason to
say with Job, “ when he hath tried me, I shall
come forth as pure gold.”

Let a man live (says Mr. Steele) but two or
three years without affliction, and he is almost
good for nothing, he cannot pray, nor meditate,

nor keep his heart fixed upon spiritual things; but let God smite him in his child, health, or estate, now he can find his tongue and affections again; now he awakes, and falls to his duty in earnest; now God has twice as much honour from him as he had before. Now, saith God, this amendment pleaseth me; this rod was well bestowed; I have disappointed him in his great benefit and advantage.

It may be boldly affirmed, that good men generally reap more substantial benefit from their afflictions, than bad men do from their prosperities; and what they lose in wealth, pleasure, or honour, they gain, with vast advantage, in wisdom, goodness, and tranquillity of mind.

Prosperity is not without its troubles, nor adversity without its comfort. A mind that can bear affliction, without murmur, and the weight of a plentiful fortune, without vain-glory—that can be familiar, without meanness, and reserved, without pride, has something in it great, particularly pleasing, and truly admirable.

Nothing would be more unhappy, (saith Demetrius) than a man who had never known affliction. The best need afflictions for the trial of their vir-

tue :

tue : How can we exercise the grace of contentment, if all things succeed well ; or that of forgiveness, if we have no enemies ? He, who barely weeps at misfortunes, when it is in his power to heal them, is not touched with them to the heart, and only sheds the tears of a crocodile. If you are disquieted at any thing, you should consider with yourself—Is this thing of that worth, that for it I should so disturb myself, and lose my peace and tranquillity ?

The consideration of a greater evil, is a sort of remedy against a lesser. They are always impaired by affliction, who are not improved by it. A virtuous man is more peaceable in adversity, than a wicked man in prosperity. The keeping ourselves above grief, and every painful passion, is indeed very beautiful and excellent ; and none but souls of the first rate seem to be qualified for the undertaking.

It were no virtue to bear calamities, if we did not feel them.

Divine Providence always places the remedy near the evil ; there is not any duty to which Providence has not annexed a blessing ; nor any affliction

affliction for which virtue has not provided a remedy.

If some are refined like gold, in the furnace of affliction, there are many more, that, like chaff, are consumed in it.

Sorrow, when it is excessive, takes away fervour from piety, vigour from action, health from the body, light from the reason, and repose from the conscience. Resignation to the divine will is a noble and needful lesson.

Yet there is a gloomy pleasure in being dejected and inconsolable. Melancholy studies how to improve itself, and sorrow finds wonderful relief in being more sorrowful.

To be afflicted with the afflicted, is an instance of humanity, and the demand of good nature and good breeding: Pity is but an imaginary aid; and yet were it not for that, sorrow would be many times utterly insupportable.

Mirth is by no means a remedy for grief; on the contrary, it raises and inflames it. The only probable way, I know of, to soften or cure grief
in

in others, is by putting on an appearance of feeling it yourself; and you must, besides, talk frequently and feelingly on the occasion, and praise and blame as the sufferer does; but then remember to make use of the opportunity this condescension and familiarity gives you, of leading him, by degrees, into things and passages remote from his present bent of mind, and not displeasing in themselves. In this manner, and by this policy, you will be able to steal him away from his afflictions with his own approbation, and teach him to think and speak of other things than that alone which frets—or rather wrings his heart.

None should despair, because God can help them, and none should presume, because God can cross them. A firm trust in the assistance of an Almighty Being, naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness, and all other dispositions of the mind, that alleviate those calamities which we are not able to remove.

He who is puffed up with the first gale of prosperity, will bend beneath the first blast of adversity.—Reproof in adversity hath a double sting.

There is but one way of fortifying the soul against all gloomy presages and terrors of the mind;

mind ; and that is, by securing to ourselves the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events, and governs futurity.

Events which have the appearance of misfortunes, often prove a happy source of future felicity ; this consideration should enable us to support affliction with calmness and fortitude.

ANECDOTE OF DIOCLES.

DIOCLES having made a law that no man should come armed into the public assembly of the people, he, thro' inadvertency, chanced to break that law himself ; which one observing, and saying, " he has broke a law he made himself." Diocles, turning to his accuser, and with a loud voice said, " No ; the law shall have its sanction ;" and drawing his sword, killed himself.

ON GOOD HUMOUR

AND

SOCIAL MIRTH.

WHEN the verdure of spring, the luxuriance of summer, and the pride of autumn, bloom and flourish no longer, to cheer our spirits
amid

amid the gloom which winter casts around, we must have recourse to those ingenious authors, whose glowing imaginations have caught the fading landscape of the year, and preserved it in all the beauties of poetic description. Here we may enjoy either a perpetual spring, or an unfading summer; and from the noise and hurry of the town, retire to country life and rural simplicity. When this employment ceases to delight, then we may consult the sacred records of antiquity; and, in order to pass our lives in an agreeable and useful manner, enquire how those men who have acquired renown, passed their's: this will give fortitude to our minds, and resolution to our virtue; for we shall seldom find any man conspicuously great, whose life was not marked by some extraordinary difficulties; at least, whose tablatore was not distinguished by some peculiar strokes. These circumstances are what call to action those excellencies of character which ennoble and perpetuate names.

But this is a sort of amusement that will not always please: the gloom of a winter's day may so dispose the mind, and make it so indolent, that it shall be dissatisfied when it contemplates superior excellence, because it thinks itself unable to equal or excel it. But allowing both of these
sources

sources of amusement to fail, there is another of social mirth and friendship, to which we are greatly indebted during those months, when no other inducement would be sufficient to draw us from home, if it were not to be happy in the house of a friend: here one common complaint of an intemperate season gives a keener relish to those enjoyments which mitigate the severity, and make ample amends for all the inconveniencies of it. I have often seen a general complaint of this nature to be the very means of as general a proposal for amusements; which, having innocence and mirth on their side, have insensibly given a stronger rivet to all the social virtues: so that when I feel a cold nipping frost in the severest winter, I have some consolation to think, that, perhaps, in those associations of mankind which this may cause, the mutual resentments of friends shall subside, and benevolence and social virtue diffuse their warmest influence through every heart.

There is an urbanity, which, when it takes place, dissipates every gloom, and relaxes all restraint, and gives us to enjoy social mirth without interruption, and domestic happiness without reserve. And though I am ready to grant, that human life is worthy the most serious attention
and

and improvement, I cannot be brought to allow that no recreations are lawful, and that innocent trifling might not always be allowed. For my own part, I see not why the severity of reason should never permit the smile of wit, and the laugh of jocularitv; nor why wisdom should always consist in a contracted brow, as if poring over the records of the dead, or pronouncing the severest sentence upon the living—If imagination must not subdue reason, might not reason regulate imagination? Suppose every opportunity be taken of exercising the most benevolent virtues of the human mind, we shall find many vacancies lie heavy upon our hands, which were surely much better filled by the agreeable sallies of wit, than suffered to pass by as a total blank of human existence.—Mirth diffuses its pleasing sensations throughout our whole frame, and not only promotes a chearful and happy flow of animal spirits, but better disposes the mind to all the amiable offices of friendship and benevolence. Take away but these seemingly inferior supports of human happiness, good-nature and a disposition to please, and you will find some of the nobler virtues greatly weakened thereby. That amiable levity (if I may be allowed the expression) in some, charms us with its ease, inspires every other person with a pleasing chearfulness, and introduces a freedom

which is the very spirit of social felicity.—The man who makes me laugh, while virtue and innocence do not blush, has laid the surest foundation of my regards—he has in some sort made himself necessary to my happiness.

As human life consists of a thousand opportunities, perpetually occurring to give a lively turn to imagination, and engage its active powers on the side of mirth and friendship, the decent manner of improving these by innocent wit and amusing jocularity, contains nothing that the severest censure can justly reprove, or the strictest moralist condemn.

BROTHERLY AFFECTION.

TIMOLEON, the Corinthian, is a noble pattern of fraternal love ; for being in a battle with the Argives, and seeing his brother fall down dead with the wounds he had received, he instantly leaped over his dead body, and with his shield protected it from insult and plunder ; and tho' forely wounded in this generous enterprize, he would not by any means retreat to a place of safety,

safety, till such time as he had seen the corpse carried off the field by his friends. How happy for Christians, would they imitate this Heathen, and as tenderly screen from abuse and calumny the wounded reputation or dying honour of an absent or defenceless brother.

ANECDOTE

OF

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

DOCTOR JOHNSON sitting one night with a number of ladies and gentlemen, the former, by way of heightening the good humour of the company, agreed to toast ordinary women and match them with ordinary men. In this round one of the ladies gave Mrs. Williams, the Doctor's old friend and house-keeper, and another matched her with Doctor Goldsmith. This whimsical union so pleased the former lady, that though she had some pique with the latter in the beginning of the night, she ran round the table, kissed her, and said she forgave her every thing that happened for the *a. propos* of her last toast!

toast!—"Aye, says Johnson! This reconciliation puts me in mind of an observation of Swift's,—that the quarrels of women are made up like those of ancient kings, *there's always an animal sacrificed on the occasion.*

INFELICITIES OF RETIREMENT

TO

MEN OF BUSINESS.

I Have been for many years a trader in London. My beginning was narrow, and my stock small; I was, therefore, a long time brow-beaten and despised by those who, having more money, thought they had more merit than myself. I did not, however, suffer my resentment to instigate me to any mean arts of supplantation, nor my eagerness of riches to betray me to any indirect methods of gain; I pursued my business with incessant assiduity, supported by the hope of being one day richer than those who contemned me; and had, upon every annual review of my books, the satisfaction of finding my fortune increased beyond my expectation.

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In a few years my industry and probity were fully recompensed ; my wealth was really great, and my reputation for wealth still greater. I had large ware-houses crowded with goods, and considerable sums in the public funds ; I was caressed upon the Exchange by the most eminent merchants ; became the oracle of the common council ; was solicited to engage in all commercial undertakings ; was flattered with the hopes of becoming in a short time one of the directors of a wealthy company ; and, to complete my mercantile honours, enjoyed the expensive happiness of being for sheriff.

Riches, you know, easily produce riches : when I had arrived to this degree of wealth, I had no longer any obstruction or opposition to fear ; new acquisitions were hourly brought within my reach, and I continued for some years longer to heap thousands upon thousands.

At last I resolved to complete the circle of a citizen's prosperity by the purchase of an estate in the country, and to close my life in retirement. From the hour that this design entered my imagination, I found the fatigues of my employment every day more oppressive, and persuaded myself that I was no longer equal to perpetual attention,
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and that my health would soon be destroyed by the torment and distraction of extensive business. I could image to myself no happiness but in vacant jollity, and uninterrupted leisure ; nor entertain my friends with any other topic, than the vexation and uncertainty of trade, and the happiness of rural privacy.

But notwithstanding these declarations, I could not at once reconcile myself to the thoughts of ceasing to get money ; and though I was every day inquiring for a purchase, I found some reason for rejecting all that were offered me ; and, indeed, had accumulated so many beauties and conveniencies in my idea of the spot, where I was finally to be happy, that, perhaps, the world might have been travelled over, without discovery of a place which would not have been defective in some particular.

Thus I went on, still talking of retirement, and still refusing to retire ; my friends began to laugh at my delays, and I grew ashamed to trifle any longer with my own inclinations ; an estate was at length purchased, I transferred my stock to a prudent young man who had married my daughter, went down into the country, and commenced lord of a spacious manor.

Here

Here for some time I found happiness equal to my expectation. I reformed the old house according to the advice of the best architects. I threw down the walls of the garden, and enclosed it with palisades, planted long avenues of trees, filled a green-house with exotic plants, dug a new canal, and threw the earth into the old moat.

The fame of these expensive improvements brought in all the country to see the show. I entertained my visitors with great liberality, led them round my gardens, shewed them my apartments, laid before them plans for new decorations, and was gratified by the wonder of some and the envy of others.

I was envied; but how little can one man judge of the condition of another? The time was now coming, in which affluence and splendor could no longer make me pleased with myself. I had built till the imagination of the architect was exhausted; I had added one conveniency to another till I knew not what more to wish or to design; I had laid out my gardens, planted my park, and compleated my water-works; and what now remained to be done! what, but to look up to turrets, of which, when they were once raised, I had no farther use; to range over
apartments,

apartments, where time was tarnishing the furniture ; to stand by the cascade, of which I scarcely now perceived the sound ; and to watch the growth of woods that must give their shade to a distant generation.

In this gloomy inactivity, is every day begun and ended: the happiness that I have been so long procuring is now at an end, because it has been procured ; I wander from room to room till I am weary of myself ; I ride out to a neighbouring hill, in the centre of my estate, from whence all my lands lie in prospect round me ; I see nothing that I have not seen before, and return home disappointed, though I knew that I had nothing to expect. In my happy days of business I had been accustomed to rise early in the morning ; and remember the time when I grieved that the night came so soon upon me, and obliged me for a few hours to shut out affluence and prosperity. I now seldom see the rising sun, but to tell him, with the fallen angel, " how I hate his beams." I wake from sleep as to langour or imprisonment, and have no employment for the first hour but to consider by what art I shall rid myself of the second. I protract the breakfast as long as I can, because when it is ended I have no call for my attention, till I can with some degree of decency
grow

grow impatient for my dinner. If I could dine all my life, I should be happy ; I eat not because I am hungry, but because I am idle ; but, alas ! the time quickly comes when I can eat no longer ; and so ill does my constitution second my inclination, that I cannot bear strong liquors : seven hours must then be endured before I shall sup ; but supper comes at last, the more welcome, as it is in a short time succeeded by sleep.

Such is the happiness, the hope of which seduced me from the duties and pleasures of a mercantile life. I shall be told by those who read my narrative, that there are many means of innocent amusement, and many schemes of useful employment, which I do not appear ever to have known ; and that nature and art have provided pleasures, by which, without the drudgery of settled business, the active may be engaged, the solitary footed, and the social entertained.

These arts I have tried. When first I took possession of my estate, in conformity to the taste of my neighbours, I bought guns and nets, filled my kennel with dogs and my stable with horses ; but a little experience shewed me, that these instruments of rural felicity, would afford me few gratifications. I never shot but to miss the mark,

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and, to confess the truth, was afraid of the fire of my own gun. I could discover no music in the cry of the dogs, nor could divest myself of pity for the animal whose peaceful and inoffensive life was sacrificed to our sport. I was not, indeed, always at leisure to reflect upon her danger; for my horse, who had been bred to the chace, did not always regard my choice either of speed or way, but leaped hedges and ditches at his own discretion, and hurried me along with the dogs, to the great diversion of my brother sportsmen. His eagerness of pursuit once incited him to swim a river; and I had leisure to resolve in the water that I would never hazard my life again for the destruction of a hare.

I then ordered books to be procured, and by the direction of the vicar had in a few weeks a closet elegantly furnished. You will, perhaps, be surpris'd when I tell you, that when once I had ranged them according to their sizes, and piled them up in regular gradations, I had received all the pleasure which they could give me. I am not able to excite in myself any curiosity after events which have been pass'd, and in which I can therefore, have no interest: I am utterly unconcerned to know whether Tully or Demosthenes excelled in oratory; whether Hannibal lost Italy
by

by his own negligence or the corruption of his countrymen. I have no skill in controversial learning, nor can conceive why so many volumes should have been written upon questions, which I have lived so long and so happily without understanding. I once resolved to go through the volumes relating to the office of justice of the peace, but found them so crabbed and intricate, that in less than a month I desisted in despair, and resolved to supply my deficiencies by paying a competent salary to a skilful clerk.

I am naturally inclined to hospitality, and for some time kept up a constant intercourse of visits with the neighbouring gentlemen: but though they are easily brought about me by better wine than they can find at any other house, I am not much relieved by their conversation; they have no skill in commerce or the stocks, and I have no knowledge of the history of families or the factions of the country; so that when the first civilities are over, they usually talk to one another, and I am left alone in the midst of the company. Though I cannot drink myself, I am obliged to encourage the circulation of the glass; their mirth grows more turbulent and obstreperous; and before their merriment is at an end, I am sick with disgust, and, perhaps, reproached with my sobriety,

fobriety, or by some sly insinuations insulted as a cit.

Such is the life to which I am condemned by a foolish endeavour to be happy by imitation; such is the happiness to which I pleased myself with approaching, and which I considered as the chief end of my cares and my labours. I toiled year after year with cheerfulness, in expectation of the happy hour in which I might be idle: the privilege of idleness is attained, but has not brought with it the blessing of tranquillity.

A SERIOUS ANECDOTE.

AN ancient author relates, that a company of vain and profligate persons having been drinking and inflaming their blood, in a tavern at Boston, in New-England, upon seeing the Rev. Mr. Cotton, a pious and amiable minister, coming along the street, one of them told his companion, "I'll go, and play a trick upon old Cotton." Accordingly he approached him, and crossing his way, whispered in his ear, "Cotton, thou art an old fool."—"True" (replied Mr. Cotton) "I confess

feels I am so ; the Lord make both me and thee wiser then we are ; even wise to salvation !” struck with his answer, the man related it to his associates, and notwithstanding their then situation, it failed not to cast a damp upon their spirits in the midst of their frolics.

THE EXEMPLARY SON :

A Moral Tale.

THE ill treatment and injuries which some children receive from their parents, without having deserved their severe proceedings, are sufficient to divest them of all filial affection, and to drive them to behave in a very undutiful manner. When those children who have had the most irritating provocations, return good for evil, in consequence of the distresses of their cruel parents, and fly to give them all the relief in their power, they are surely entitled to the highest eulogiums, as they are then truly ornamental to human nature ; the highest ornaments to it, by proving themselves to be more than nominal,—to be real Christians.

Charles

Charles Rowley, the son of an eminent merchant in the second city in England, had, till he entered into his seventeenth year, all the reason in the world to think himself peculiarly happy in a father, as that father not only did every thing he could think of to make his present life happy, but seemed to employ no small part of his time in scheming the most probable foundation for his future felicity.

Unfortunately for poor Charles, about that juncture he lost his mother. He did not, indeed, lament her decease with filial concern, as she had never distinguished him with any proofs of her maternal love, (having bestowed all her love of that kind upon a younger brother of his, whose untimely death had hastened her own,) but he could not help being very sensibly affected by it, as it left his father (who was heartily tired of her, and had a second wife in his eye) at liberty to marry again.

The lady whom Mr. Rowley, for some time before his much-wished-for release, had pitched upon for his second, was a jolly handsome widow, and did not want understanding. She had, indeed, made a number of bold pushes, in order to re-enter the marriage state, (with lucrative views,)

as she had only a small, precarious income, for the support of herself and a couple of full-grown children. All her efforts, however, were fruitless. In vain did she set off her person and her mind to the best advantage, as she had not only the straitness of her circumstances, but two dead weights, a boy and a girl, to retard the execution of her matrimonial designs. She had, it is true, many admirers; and there were several men who, being in easy situations, would have overlooked her pecuniary deficiencies, but they could not bring themselves to marry her with all her growing incumbrances.

When Mr. Rowley, therefore, after having seen the remains of his dear wife decently deposited in a family vault, made his amorous addresses to her, she gave him the most delicate encouragement, (quite weary of her widowhood, not a little also mortified at the length of it,) and kindly consented to take him for better and for worse, the moment he could marry her without flying in the face of decorum.

Very soon after his father's marriage with Mrs. Broughton, Charles perceived a dispiriting coolness in his behaviour to him; and, in a short time afterwards, discovered hardly any traces of that paternal

paternal regard which had rendered him the happiest of sons. The alteration he perceived was the more afflicting, as the children of the woman whom he had married shared the regard of which he regretted the loss: to them his carriage was partially parental; to him he ceased in his carriage to be a father.

Mr. Rowley, before his second marriage, had intended to bring up his son to his own business, and under his own eye; but, at the instigation of his wife, sent him to an uncle he had in London by the mother's side, in the same branch of commerce, to finish his probationary years in the counting-house. Mrs. Rowley having procured the removal of Charles, and by that removal the substitution of her son in his room, was mightily well satisfied with her address; and Mr. Brownlow, who had always seen something very promising in his nephew, for whom he had a great regard, received him with equal satisfaction.

Mrs. Rowley, however, pleased as she was with the departure of Charles from a house in which she wanted not to see any of her husband's relations, doubly pleased with the progress which her Harry made in his affections by his artful behaviour (considerably assisted by her political lectures,)

tures,) was so much mortified and alarmed at the encomiums, Mr. Brownlow lavished on his nephew, in almost every letter to his brother-in-law, that she had the strongest desire imaginable to prevent a continuance of them. She was mortified by those encomiums, because she felt, in spite of all her prejudices against the person on whom they were bestowed, the justness of them ; and alarmed, because she was apprehensive of their operating upon his father's mind in a manner most disagreeable to her. She was, at first, contented with his dismissal, she now wished for his being disinherited, and, to arrive at the completion of that wish, was the whole employment of her thoughts.

Having a head naturally fertile in expedients, and being pushed on by stimulations sufficiently obvious, she in a little time put things into a train which seemed to insure her success. A female friend of her's in London, to whom she communicated her wishes and her schemes, returned the following answer to the epistle which contained them ; laconic, but to the purpose : “ I do not at all wonder at your wishes, and I will do all in my power to forward your schemes : George will do the business required, I dare say, with
a great

a great deal of pleasure. More in my next: going to drefs for Ranelagh."

These few lines were satisfactory enough to Mrs. Rowley, as they convinced her of her friend's readiness to be serviceable to her in an affair which she had extremely at heart; but she could not help anxiously desiring to hear that the proposed designs were in a way to be carried into execution.

By the very next post Mrs. Rowley received a longer letter from Miss Morrison, and the perusal of it filled her with the utmost flattering expectations; the conclusion of it she read several times with renewed delight. "George likes your scheme prodigiously, and is resolved to drive at an intimacy with young Rowley, with whom he is at present but slightly acquainted. He tells me that he will lay any wager he draws him into a *delicious scrape*: You know, I believe, what George means by such a one. If old Brownlow (says he) does not write soon to his father in a different style, when I have had him under my hands, I will give up all pretensions to a frolic."

George Morrison was a city-buck, clerk to an Italian merchant in Mrs. Rowley's neighbourhood:
by

by his spirited proceedings, Mrs. Rowley fondly hoped that Charles would not only lose his uncle's regard for him, but entirely deprive himself of his father's esteem.

Unhappily for Charles, he fell, thoughtless, into the snares spread for him by his new friend, to whom he became so strongly attached, that his uncle was alarmed ; imagining, and not without reason, that his intimacy with young Morrison could not be attended with any good, but might with many bad consequences.

Mr. Brownlow, however, though he was alarmed at his nephew's violent connexion with his favourite companion, did not for a while throw out the smallest hint concerning his own disapprobation of it, as he never heard of his committing any capital irregularities abroad, nor could fairly correct him for any disorderly proceedings at home ; but, on his staying out one evening the whole night, and returning the next morning rather in a fluttered condition, he could not refrain from lecturing him in a serious manner (in a manner equally serious and sensible) on the impropriety, not to say imprudence, of his conduct : concluding his lecture, in which admonitions and reproofs were judiciously intermixed
with

with the most earnest entreaties, to break off all acquaintance with George Morrison, to whose overpowering temptations and persuasions he imputed the very censurable indiscretion of which he had been guilty.

Charles, during the kind and salutary lecture, which his uncle addressed to him, felt all the poignancy of his reproof, and listened with great attention to his admonitions. At the conclusion of it he repeatedly promised to comply with his entreaties. Heartily ashamed, indeed, of the transactions of the night, into which he had been decoyed by his false friend, his promises were certainly sincere. It was the want of resolution, more than the want of a good heart, which made him act in opposition to them.

Mr. Brownlow, satisfied with his nephew's contrition and assurances, told him that he would not acquaint his father with what had happened to his disgrace and disadvantage; but added, "I will not, Charles, make another concealment of the same kind."

Mr. Brownlow kept his promise religiously, and mentioned not a syllable of Charles's imprudent behaviour to his father; but Mr. Rowley was,
not-

notwithstanding, fully informed of it (from what quarter may easily be guessed,) and the information was accompanied with a number of inflammatory circumstances. Those circumstances forcibly co-operated with the malignant reports previously circulated within his hearing to his son's prejudice, snapped every weakened thread of paternal affection. "I renounce him for ever: let his uncle keep him if he pleases. I will have nothing more to do with him." Such was his short, but severe determination,

Mrs. Rowley, though she pretended, with a well-affected hypocrisy, to be extremely sorry at the above-mentioned resolution of her husband, was secretly rejoiced at it, as it completed the conquest to which she had long aspired.

In consequence of his final and unfatherly determination, Mr. Rowley wrote a sharp letter to Charles, and sent by the same post, a pretty rough one to Mr. Brownlow, for having deceived him by a false account of his son's behaviour. Charles was very deeply affected by his letter, and Mr. Brownlow was exceedingly sorry to find himself severely treated for a deception of which, as his intentions were laudable, he was not ashamed; doubly sorry to find that his nephew's indiscretion

had

had been communicated to his father with the most malevolent aggravations, and that the malevolence of the informant had totally excluded him from his paternal regard and protection. The concern, however, was, in a very short time, considerably encreased.

Charles, having unsuspectingly imparted to George the contents of his father's cruel letter to him, and signified his design of going down to Bristol immediately, in order to exculpate himself in person from the very unjust allegations which had been made against him, was strongly urged by his friend to carry his design into execution. "I'll go with you, Charles," added he, "and swear through thick and thin for you."

They set out accordingly together, but with very different views. Charles sincerely intended to make the most vigorous efforts to recover his father's esteem: George as sincerely wished to widen the breach between them; and flattered himself, with an execrable satisfaction, that his new frolic would do his business with his uncle. George loved mischief in every shape; and the lessons which he received from his sister, in close alliance with Mrs. Rowley, were not thrown away upon him; he paid but too much attention to them.

Poor

Poor Charles, by the commission of a second indiscretion, less venial than the first, had the mortification, the misery, to find himself abandoned by his uncle, as well as by his father. The discovery which he, at the same time, made of his friend's treacherous behaviour, sharpened every pang which he felt from the desertion of his father and his uncle : from the former he hardly expected, though he earnestly wished for it, a favourable reception, when he undertook his journey ; but he hoped to meet with a parent in the latter at his return, little imagining what an iniquitous plot had been formed to close the hands, and to harden the hearts of them both against him.

Charles was severely shaken by the distresses into which George had plunged him, but they did not drive him to despair. The consciousness of having been more sinned against than sinning, supported his spirits, and he determined to do every thing in his power to gain a subsistence by his own industry. That resolution was certainly a commendable one, equally so was his resolution to have no farther connections with Morrison of any kind whatever.

While he was considering one day to whom of all his uncle's commercial acquaintance he should

should apply, a gentleman, who had dealings now and then with Mr. Brownlow, and who had always behaved in a manner partially obliging to him, surprised him with a visit. Mr. Howell, (that was the gentleman's name) after having explained the cause of his abrupt appearance, offered to send him, under the care of a brother of his, to the East Indies.

Charles embraced the offer, which was undoubtedly a very friendly one, and might be productive of very fortunate consequences; but he could not restrain himself from mixing wonder with his gratitude. "I am sufficiently thanked," said Mr. Howell, stopping him in the midst of his grateful effusions: "You seem to be surprised at this proof of my friendship for you, after the indiscretions which you have committed. I am strongly disposed to be your friend, because I really believe you would not have been guilty of them, had you not been connected with George Morrison: by him you have been extremely ill used, and I have great reason to think, that your removal to a considerable distance from him will of itself be of no small advantage to you. I leave you, therefore, to prepare for your voyage without delay."

When

When he had finished his preparations, generously assisted by his new and sincere friend, he made several attempts to see his father, whom he still loved, attributing all his unkindness to him to the machinations of his enemies ; but, by the vigilance of his jealous and avaricious mother-in-law, his very filial attempts were rendered fruitless. He was forced to set sail from England without that blessing for which he anxiously longed.

While Charles was, by a combination of happy circumstances, raising a fortune with honour at Bengal, his father was, by a train of unmerited disappointments, reduced to so low a condition, that he was but just able to exist.

The narrowness of his circumstances he bore with the philosophy of a Christian ; but, as a man, as a parent, he was sometimes scarce able to endure the recollection of his cruel behaviour to a son, who had not, with all his failings, deserved the treatment he received from him. Smote by remorse, one day, he wrote a very penitential letter to Charles, in which, after having given a full account of his distressful situation, he declared that, reduced as he was, he could even make himself happy with his scanty income, if he had the happiness of folding him in his repenting arms.

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Charles

Charles was deeply affected by his father's letter, by which he found that his pecuniary misfortunes had been occasioned by the bankruptcy of his uncle ; and that his remorse, with regard to him, arose from the confession his mother-in-law made a little before her death, having been thrown into a dangerous illness by the failure of all her avaricious schemes, added to the irritating behaviour of her own children. The moment he had read his father's letter, almost blinded with tears of pity and filial love. Charles determined to remove himself, and his effects, by the very first opportunity, to his native country. He was soon enabled to execute his design : he was in a short time under sail ; but it is impossible to express the impatience he discovered to set his foot upon the English shore.

On his arrival in England, he hastened with an increased impatience to the obscure village in which his father was meanly accommodated with the bare necessities of life, and, after an interview, (not to be described, but which did honour to them both) conducted him to a more suitable apartment.

By settling a very handsome annuity upon his father, Charles made himself appear in a very advantageous

advantageous light ; but his affectionate and dutiful deportment, still more than his generous behaviour, after what had happened, occasioned his being called by every body who knew him,—by every body who heard of his uncommon carriage, the *Exemplary Son*.

ANECDOTE OF VAN TRUMP.

DURING the heat of a naval engagement between the English and Dutch fleets, Trump being excessively thirsty, called for a bowl of wine, which his servant had no sooner delivered him, but a cannon ball took his hand off just as he was retiring from his master. The brave Admiral, touched with a noble compassion, spilt the wine on the deck, saying, “ It is not fit I should quench my thirst with the blood of a faithful servant.” And as soon as he had spoke these words, a bullet took from him the power of ever drinking again.

AN INSTANCE OF GENEROSITY.

IN

MR. WILKS THE ACTOR.

AS Mr. WILKS was one of those to whom calamity seldom complained without relief, the following act of benevolence may be thought deserving of recital.

Mr. Smith, a gentleman educated at Dublin, being hindered, by an impediment in his speech, from engaging in orders, for which his friends designed him, left his own country, and came to London in quest of employment, but found his solicitations fruitless, and his necessities every day more pressing. In this distress he wrote a tragedy, and offered it to the players, by whom it was rejected. Thus were his last hopes defeated, and he had no other prospect than of the most deplorable poverty. But Mr. Wilks thought his performance, tho' not perfect, at least worthy of some reward, and therefore offered him a benefit. This favour he improved with so much diligence, that the house afforded him a considerable sum, with which he went to Leyden, applied himself to the study of physic; and prosecuted his design
with

with so much diligence and success, that when Dr. Boerhaave was desired by the Czarina to recommend proper persons to introduce into Russia the practice and study of physic, Dr. Smith was one of those whom he selected. He had a considerable pension settled on him on his arrival, and was one of the chief physicians at the Russian court.

AMELIA :

OR

FRATERNAL LOVE.

AMELIA GRANT was the only daughter of Sir Charles Grant, a gentleman of fortune in a remote corner of this island. Sir Charles, after a military service of many years, retired at the age of fifty to the enjoyment of an easy competency, and the rational felicities of domestic life. Lady Grant was one of the most excellent of women, and she had educated Amelia on a plan similar to that which had enlarged her own mind. It was in a sweetly retired situation, in the county of Cornwall, that Colonel Grant had taken up his residence, within a mile of the sea coast, but far from the habitation of
any

any person with whom a social intercourse could be held. In this solitude, far from the busy haunts of men, this amiable family lived till Amelia had just completed her nineteenth year. At this juncture a ship was wrecked on the coast, and many of the crew perished. Colonel Grant, with the assistance of his domestics, afforded every possible relief to the survivors. One young gentleman, who was thrown on shore, lay as dead, till the humane services of the Colonel and his family restored him to his senses. He was conveyed, with the other persons who had been preserved, to the Colonel's house, where they remained a few days to refresh themselves, and then took a grateful leave of their benefactors; all but Mr. Leslie, (for that was the young stranger's name,) who felt an attachment for which he could not account: he therefore feigned an indisposition, and took leave of his companions, promising to follow them to London in a few days. They were no sooner gone, than Leslie discovered the cause of his disorder. He read in the eyes of Amelia a language to which he had hitherto been a stranger, and found in every feature of her sweet face the irresistible tyranny love.

Leslie was a man of too much honour, whatever his feelings might be, to engage in a clandestine

destine address to the daughter of his benefactor. He immediately made Colonel Grant the confident of his passion. The Colonel communicated the young gentleman's sentiments to his Lady, and she informed her daughter of Mr. Leslie's prepossession in her favour.

This is the honourable way of making love ; and if gallants in general would address themselves to the father, or mother, before they seek to gain the affections of the daughter, we should not hear of so many unhappy matches. The truest, the most lasting love, will succeed to the consciousness of having discharged the filial duties.

Miss Grant had beheld young Leslie with an eye of more than common regard ; there could be therefore not a moment's hesitation in her compliance with the wishes of her parents. Though Amelia possessed a disposition so prompt to the discharge of every duty, that she would have sacrificed much of her own happiness to have advanced the repose of her father and mother, yet she could not but be happy to find their sentiments in a perfect coincidence with her own. In a word, it was agreed, on all hands, to admit Mr. Leslie's addresses.

Ceremony

Ceremony is a superfluous attendant, when good sense, reason, and virtue, form the company. A few weeks only were wasted in the idle ceremony of courtship, and a day was fixed for celebrating the nuptials of the happy pair. Reserve was now thrown aside: all parties considered themselves as advancing to a period which would encrease and continue their felicity; but there was an event in the hands of time to dash the flowing bowl from the thirsty mouth. It was hitherto only known that Mr. Leslie had been a successful voyage, and that he was returned to enjoy his good fortune in his native island.—The day was fixed for the marriage. Sir Charles was gone to Exeter to purchase a licence for the wedding: Lady Grant and the young couple were engaged in an agreeable conversation on the prospect of the approaching felicity; when her Ladyship, in the gaiety of her heart, said, “We know little of you yet, Mr. Leslie; we have taken you in a stranger and an outcast, and are about to adopt you for our son; pray let us know who you are?” “Madam,” said Leslie, “I should be glad to comply with your request, if it were in my power; but I hardly know who, or what I am: I have heard that I am descended from an honourable family, and I have no doubt of its
having

having been a virtuous one, from the warmth of the attachment which binds me to the kindred virtues of your's. This paper, Madam, will inform you of all that I myself know respecting my origin: if I should ever be happy enough to learn more, depend on it that my discoveries shall not be a moment concealed from those to whom I lay under such unbounded obligations."—Thus saying, he delivered a paper into her hands, containing the following words: "Let the child with whom this is delivered, when he has reached the age of discretion, be informed, that he is the only son of Roderick Leslie, Esq; of the Shire of Fife, by his wife Margaret Sinclair; but charge the youth to keep this circumstance a secret as long as he shall reside in Scotland."

Lady Grant having cast her eyes on the paper, fixed them for a moment on Mr. Leslie, hesitated, trembled, turned pale, and fainted. It was some hours before she was restored to her senses, when the first words she uttered were, "Let me see him once more ere I die; *once again let me behold my boy, my Leslie!*"—Not to keep the reader in suspense, the story is this: Miss Sinclair, when very young, was privately married to Mr. Leslie, without the knowledge and consent of her father. It was a love match, and the secret was inviolably kept.

Mr. Lessie died when his lady was in the sixth month of her pregnancy ; his disorder was rapid ; but he had time to deliver to her a bond of seven hundred pounds, as a provision for the future child. The infant was put to nurse with a trusty old woman, and, when he was about two years of age, his mother married Mr. Grant, without the slightest suspicion that she had ever been a wife before.

When young Lessie was fifteen, the faithful nurse, who had long since received the amount of the bond, delivered him the principal sum, having genteely supported him on the interest of it. She also gave him the above recited paper, in his mother's hand-writing, and advised him to seek his fortune in some distant part of the world. This advice he followed, went to the West-Indies, and engaged with a planter ; who was so well pleased with his services, that he bequeathed him a considerable part of his fortune. With this fortune he was returning to settle in his native country, when the waves threw him on the coast of Cornwall, where he was on the point of marrying his own sister.

Colonel Grant returned before his lady had recovered from the shock the discovery had given her.

her. The whole family were inconsolable for many days, but their prudence, their virtue, their religion, have at length subdued their grief; and they are now all gratitude for the prevention of an event which was once the object of their wishes.

Mr. Leslie has taken up his abode in the family; and the reciprocal conduct of him and Amelia affords a proof that the most violent passion may be subdued by the superior influence of reason.

ANECDOTE

or

A LATE LORD MAYOR.

HIS Lordship having business with the master of an eminent tripe shop in St. James's-market, in the course of which he took pleasure in conversing with the shop boy, whose attention and adroitness solicited his Lordship's notice; one day seeing the young man, who was naturally chearful, rather dull, he took an opportunity of enquiring into the cause of it; the young man
very

very candidly told him, that his master was about to retire from business, and to let the shop; and that in all probability he should lose his place, which was his all, as he had neither money, nor friends. His Lordship finding what he said to be true, and withal that he had an excellent character, immediately purchased the shop, &c. and placed him in it, which to this time he occupies with credit to himself and his generous patron.

ANECDOTE OF MICKLE.

MICKLE, the translator of *Lusiad*, inserted in his poem an angry note against Garrick, who, as he thought, had used him ill, by rejecting a tragedy of his. Some time afterwards, the poet, who had never seen Garrick play, was asked by a friend in town to go to *King Lear*. He went, and, during the first three acts, said not a word. In a fine passage of the fourth, he fetched a deep sigh, and, turning to his friend, "I wish," said he, "the note was out of my book!"—How often, alas, do we say and write bitter things of a man, on a partial and interested view of his character, which, if we knew throughout, we should wish unsaid or unwritten!

AN

AN AFFECTING STORY.

CONSTANTIA was possessed of many amiable qualities ; and, but for love, could not, perhaps, have been accused of one human frailty. It was her fortune to be born in Holland, daughter to a man of affluent fortune, amassed by commerce, and sister to an officer of rank. The father could not be more devoted to his wealth, than the brother jealous of his honour ; Constantia was the care and delight of both. She inherited from her father, prudence ; and from her brother, that chaste reserve, and elevated dignity, which, if noble in her sex, always appear with a superior lustre in the other. Born to such qualities, possessed of so many virtues, what was there could subdue Constantia's heart ? One thing alone, but that famous for levelling all ranks, and burying distinction ; a British Officer, a man who had inherited, from an illustrious family, all their spirit and greatness, but none of their possessions, whose heart was rich in nobleness, but his sword, (like the poor Chamont's) which was all his portion, served in the troops commanded by her brother. It was easy to distinguish in him a soul and a descent, ill suited to his fortune. His Colonel did not want the spirit to discern on such occasions ;
he

he pitied, he honoured, and loved him. The respect, with which he was received in the family, first drew Constantia's eyes upon him; she thought it merit to compassionate, and glory to reverence, what her brother pitied and admired; and love that follows swift upon the heels of tenderness, when joined with true esteem, soon took the place of every other passion. Lysander, whose modesty would not have aspired to love, whose gratitude and friendship would not have suffered him to be ambitious on such terms, could not be sorry he was beloved. He saw the first of her sex in merit, as well as quality, regard him with a look of tenderness, beyond the power of friendship or compassion. He suffered that flame to glow into the full height, whose first sparks he had smothered; he watched his opportunity, and he disclosed his gratitude and adoration; he pleaded with success; and the lady, above all disguise, did not affect to hide her willingness to hear him, and be persuaded. When there are greater difficulties the lesser vanish. Had there been no conditions necessary to Lysander's happiness, but the consent of Constantia, that had been for a while withheld, and form prevailed against a real inclination: but here was a necessity for the consent of a father, and the approbation of a brother—both necessary—both, at least, not easily obtained.

tained. The task was difficult ; but it must be attempted ; success was eagerly desired, and form submitted to necessity. What must have been denied to the lover, the lady solicited with her own voice ; the brother was the most likely to be gained, and he was the first addressed ; he honoured her for her judgment, and he applauded her disinterested passion : he congratulated his friend ; but he told them, he expected the due regard on one hand, and the obedience on the other, should be paid, to whatsoever were the decisions of her father. No passion is so easily flattered as love, none hopes so soon, nor does any bear a disappointment worse. What was so easily obtained from the brother, the father absolutely refused : and the son, in whom a filial obedience was the first principle, exacted from his friend a promise, under that sanction, more sacred to a soldier than an oath—his HONOUR, never to solicit the object of his wishes afterward. Lyfander would, at any time, have sacrificed his life to such an engagement ; but here was more—his love, and that proved too powerful.

The fury of a Romish persecution had just at this time driven the worthy Mira, a pattern of firm friendship and true piety, with her little family, to Holland. The friendly heart of Constantia
had

had renewed an early intimacy, and misfortune had thrown in an additional claim of tenderness to her affection; in all things, but her love, Mira had been the confidant of her fair friend; she had solicited to know the cause of a melancholy, that was now grown almost to despair, but she had pressed in vain. At length, what she had so often requested ineffectually, the miserable friend communicated; "You have seen Lyfander—interrupt me not with his praises—I am with child."—If her religious friend started at this, with what horror did she attend to the resolves that followed! "I know," continued the despairing Constantia, "the fury of my brother will not be contented with a less sacrifice than my life; that of the unguarded unborn infant; and that of its unhappy father; no less atonement will, in his rigid eye, wipe off the infamy from his family; great ills must be suffered to obviate greater. I have resolved what course to take; there is but one way, and I conjure your eternal and inviolable secrecy, when I have told it. I shall retire to Harlem, I shall live there unknown: if possible, unseen and unattended. I must encounter the hour of pain alone, and, if I survive, these hands must kill the offspring of our tenderness. If I return, be secret, if not, I do require it of you to tell Lyfander how it was I perished." The stream of
tears

tears that ran unwiped along the cheeks and the neck of the devoted Constantia, were hardly more than those of her astonished friend. "I have bound myself to secrecy," replied she, "and, on one condition, I will keep it. It is not a difficult one, and if you deny me, God, before whom I made the oath, be witness between you and me, it is no crime to break it. Promise me, that before you lay the hands of death upon the poor innocent, you will dress it, kiss its little lips, and once give it suck." The promise was made, and the unhappy fair one went her way. All people were amazed; the family was distressed; the lover distracted. A few weeks called him on private affairs to Britain. It was many months before the disconsolate Mira heard from her friend; at length a short letter, barren of circumstances, invited her to Harlem. She knew the hand of her Constantia; but she trembled at the silence to all incidents. She went in private; she stopped, half dead with agony, at the little cottage; her pale friend opened the hospitable door to her with one hand, and, in the other, held the smiling pledge of her unviolated promise. "I have obeyed you, Mira, said she, (smiling in all her weakness) I have obeyed the terms which you have imposed; and nature has done all the rest." Far from discovery, there was not suspicion; all was secret that had happened.

Constantia was received with rapture by her family, but that was little : Lyfander was returned, possessed of an ample fortune. He married the rescued object of his true passion : he brought her to his country, in which she lived and died, an honour to an honourable family.

FROM THE BOOK OF WISDOM :

*Hearken unto thy Father—despise not thy Mother
when she is old.*

'TIS Wisdom speaks—her voice divine,
Attend my son, and life is thine.—
Thine, taught to shun the devious way,
Where folly leads the blind astray :
Let virtue's lamp thy footsteps guide,
And shun the dang'rous heights of pride ;
The peaceful vale, the golden mean,
The path of life pursue serene.

From infancy what sufferings spring—
While yet a naked helpless thing,
Who o'er thy limbs a cov'ring cast,
To shield thee from th' inclement blast?

Thy

Thy Mother—honour her—her arms
 Secured thee from a thousand harms ;
 When helpless, hanging on her breast,
 She sooth'd thy sobbing heart to rest ;
 For thee her peace, her health destroy'd,
 For thee her ev'ry pow'r employ'd ;
 Thoughtful of thee before the day
 Shot through the dark its rising ray ;
 Thoughtful of thee, when sable night,
 Again had quench'd the beams of light.
 To Heav'n, in ceaseless pray'r, for thee
 She rais'd her head, and bent her knee.
 Despise her not now—now feeble grown—
 Oh! make her wants and woes thy own ;
 Let not thy lips rebel ; nor eyes,
 Her weakness, frailty, years, despise ;
 From youthful insolence defend,
 Be patron, husband, guardian, friend.
 Thus shalt thou sooth, in life's decline,
 The mis'ries that may once be thine.

HISTORY OF FANNY.

AS my situation, at present, admits neither of
 relief nor comfort, I do not trouble you with
 this on my own account, but in hopes that the
 picture

picture which I am about to draw may be the means of preserving fathers from the like calamities.

I am now in the fifty-sixth year of my age; I had the misfortune, at forty, to lose an excellent wife, who left me one only daughter, four years old.

My love to my wife was such, that I really believe nothing but the violent affection I bore to this little pledge could have given me resolution to survive her.

Little Fanny (for that was her name) was now become my only care and pleasure, and I enjoyed more and more of this latter every day, as she grew more capable of becoming my companion.—I fancied I did not only trace in her the features, but that goodness and sweetness of temper which had distinguished her mother from the greater part of her sex. She was always a stranger to those severities which some parents contend for, as necessary in the education of children, and, therefore, instead of fear, she contracted for me that reverence which love and gratitude inspire into good and great minds towards superiors. In short, I had, in my little

Fanny

Fanny, at the age of fourteen, a companion and a friend.

She was now the mistress of my house, and studied my humour in every thing. She often declared her highest satisfaction was in pleasing me, and all her actions confirmed it.—When business permitted me to be with her, no engagement to any company or pleasure could force my Fanny from me; nor did she ever disobey me, unless by doing that, which she knew would most please me, contrary to my own request, as by sacrificing her innocent diversions abroad, to keep me company at home.

On my part, I had no satisfaction but in what my child was concerned. She was the delight of my eyes, and joy of my heart. I became an absolute slave to a very laborious business, in order to raise her fortune, and aggrandize her in the world.—These thoughts made the greatest fatigues not only easy, but pleasant; and I have walked a hundred times through the rain with great cheerfulness, comforting myself, that by these means Fanny would hereafter ride in her coach.

She was about eighteen years of age, when I began to observe some little alteration in my
Fanny's

Fanny's temper. Her cheerfulness had now frequent interruptions, and a sigh would sometimes steal from her, which never escaped my observation, though I believe it always escaped her own. I presently guessed the true meaning of this change, and was soon convinced, not only that her heart had received some impressions of love, but who was the object of it.

This man, whom I will call Philander, was on many accounts so deserving, that I verily believe I should have been prevailed on to favour my child's inclinations, though his fortune was greatly unequal to what I had a right to demand for her, had not a young gentleman, with a very large estate, offered himself to my choice. I was unable to resist such an acquisition of fortune and of happiness, as I then thought, to my daughter. I presently agreed to his proposals, and introduced him to her as one whom I intended for her husband.

As soon as his first visit was ended, Fanny came to me, prostrated herself at my knees, and begged me, as I tendered her future happiness, never to mention this match to her more, nor to insist on her receiving a second visit from Leontius, (for

so I will call the gentleman) whom, would to God I had never heard of.

Now was the first moment I uttered a harsh word to my poor child, who was bathed in tears, (as I am while I am writing). I told her in an angry tone, that I was a better judge of what would contribute to her future happiness than herself; that she made me a very ungrateful return for all the cares and labours I had undergone on her account, to refuse me the first command of importance I had ever laid on her, especially as it was only to give me the satisfaction of seeing her happy, for which I had agreed to leave myself a beggar.

I then left her, as I had no reason to expect an immediate answer, to contemplate on what I had said; but, at my departure, told her, that if she expected to see me more, the terms must be an absolute compliance with my commands, and then she should never ask me any thing in vain.

I saw her no more that evening, and the next morning early received a message from her, that she could no longer endure my absence, or the apprehension of my anger, and begged leave to attend me in my dressing room. I immediately
sent

sent for her, and when she appeared, began—
 “ Well, Fanny, I hope you have thoroughly considered the matter, and will not make me miserable, by a denial of this first——”

“ No, papa,” answered she, “ you shall never be miserable if your poor Fanny can prevent it. I have considered, and am resolved to be obedient to you, whatever may be the consequence to me.” I then caught her in my arms, in an agony of passion, and floods of tears burst at once from both our eyes.

The eagerness of Leontius soon completed the match, as there remained no obstacle to it, and he became possessed of my all; for besides my darling child, my little companion, my friend, he carried from me almost every farthing which I was worth.

The ceremony being over, the young couple retired into the country, and I had the pleasure of seeing my Fanny run away in a coach and six of her own. Little did I then think that it was the last unfulfilled pleasure I was to derive from her sight.

They returned at the end of a month, though they had proposed to stay longer; and my child,
 the

the moment she arrived in town, immediately sent me word she should visit me the next morning. I repaired hastily to her husband's house; but guess my surprize, when a servant told me, that neither his master nor his lady were at home.—I returned, thinking to have met with her at my own house, but in vain: I now began to grow extremely uneasy at my disappointment;—I went once more to her husband's house, and received the same answer as before. I then enquired for her maid, who was at last produced to me, with her eyes swelled with tears, and from her I learned that the villain Leontius had insisted on her not visiting me, confined her to her room, and ordered all the servants to carry no message or letter from her.—I flew up stairs and burst open the door of the room, which was locked.—I there found my child in a situation which I am not able to describe, any more than all the circumstances of our meeting.—

As soon as passion permitted, she spoke to me as follows:—"Sir, I am undone! My husband is jealous of me for a man whom I have never seen since our marriage. He found me reading a letter I had formerly received from Philander, and snatched it from me, which he might have commanded, for I never have, nor never would disobey

Q

him

him. This letter, having no date, he fancied I had just received it, and has treated me ever since with inhumanity not to be described. When I have endeavoured to convince him of my innocence, he has spurned me from him with indignation, and these poor arms, in return for their tenderest embraces, have many marks of his violence upon them." Here she sunk upon me. Can words paint my affliction, or the horrors I then felt?—Should I attempt it, this scene alone would almost fill a volume—I will, therefore, hasten to a conclusion.

Her husband was at length convinced that she had received the letter as she had affirmed, and was outwardly reconciled;—but jealousy is a distemper seldom to be totally eradicated, and her having preserved this letter, and the reading it again were circumstances he could not forgive. He behaved to her with such cruelty, that in half a year, from a state of florid health, she became pale and meagre. Philander, who, I really believe, loved her to distraction, took this opportunity of renewing his addresses to her; her husband's barbarity drove her into his arms, and one evening she made her escape with him. The day after I heard this news, I received from her the following letter:

My

“ My dear papa,

“ I am not insensible of my guilt ;—but to resist the tender passion of Philander was no longer in my power ; and the good-natured world, when they oppose to this the cruellest treatment from an injurious husband, to whom duty, and not love, had joined me, will perhaps pity your poor Fanny.

“ But, alas ! these are trifling considerations. The anger of the best of fathers, and the concern which he may suffer on my account, are the objects of my terror. Nor can I bear the thoughts of never seeing you more.—Believe me, it is this apprehension alone which stands between me and happiness, and was the last and hardest struggle I had to overcome. I will, therefore, hope that I may be forgiven by him, that I may again be blest by paying my duty to the kindest, tenderest of fathers : for in that hope consists my being, &c.”

I will make but one remark on this letter, which is, that she never upbraids me with having undone her.—If you think my story may be of use to the public, by cautioning parents from thwarting the affections of such children as are capable of having any, it is at your service.

ON PATIENCE.

HAIL, thou sure friend to man ! how great
 thy pow'r,
 How vast, extensive in the stricken hour
 Of keen adversity : when faithless friends
 Forsake the wretched, then thy pow'r is seen
 To calm the woe of agonizing want.
 For ah ! how wretched must it be to him,
 Who many years has liv'd in ease and pleasure,
 In his old age to feel the cruel pangs
 Of want and misery, and when he expects
 Content and comfort, then to be depriv'd
 Of all those blessings which he long has known ;
 And by misfortune instantly be hurl'd
 From friends, from affluence, content and joy.
 What ! when the good man feels th' afflicting pains
 Of gout, the stone, and rheumatism, or the pangs
 Of that affliction, which above the rest
 Tortures convulsive, then what other hope
 Can give relief but Thee, thou sov'reign balm
 Of all our woes, we hope that time will give,
 That ease we ardent wish for and expect
 With ten-fold eagerness.

Then, O my GOD ! whate'er may be my lot,
 Whate'er I suffer, or whate'er I feel,
 O grant me Patience ! let me not repine

If

If grief strikes deep, but let me look around,
 And I shall find companions in my woe
 Than me far more afflicted. 'Tis a truth
 Full well established and beyond dispute,
 Howe'er wretched, and whate'er the cause,
 Another and another still you'll find
 With greater reason, greater cause for woe.
 As such let's study still to be resign'd ;
 What'er our MAKER's pleasure and his will,
 Let's still look forward with a chearful hope,
 Nor discontented murmur at our fate.

THE ALARMS OF MATRIMONY:

A MORAL TALE.

OF the numberless pairs who are every day
 (almost every hour) rushing into the marriage-
 state, flattered by various views, and stimulated
 by various motives, there are none who are more
 likely to wish themselves released from their con-
 jugal engagements, than those who are instigated
 by avarice to tie themselves for life in the bands
 of Hymen. Mercenary marriages generally prove
 unhappy ones ; how, indeed, should felicity be
 expected from an union which has not mutual
 affection

affection for its basis? Without that foundation the strongest bands are too weak to keep the contracted couple faithful to their nuptial vows. We are particularly shocked to see old fellows, past the hey-day of their blood, selecting mates from the youthful parts of the fair sex ; and still more so, to see a fine healthy handsome creature, throwing herself into the arms of a man old enough to be her grandfather, merely for the sake of triumphing over her companions by the splendor of her appearance, and to make them ready to burst with envy by the insolence of exultation. Such a woman, so married, sometimes gives her envying friends a high treat by the infringement of her matrimonial vows, by not only alarming her grey-headed husband, but by actually placing him in a condition, which is, though extremely fashionable, sufficient to render him, if he is a man of feeling, extremely wretched.

In a pleasant and polite city of France, not many miles from Paris, lived, about half a century ago, a gentleman with considerable possessions in the province, of which that city was the capital, of so studious a disposition, that he was never happy but when poring over his books. In consequence of his violent passion for literature, he had a large library, and as he was a man of
taste

taſte, as well as a man of letters, it contained a number of the beſt written volumes in his own language, with a no ſmall collection, equally well choſen, wrote by the moſt celebrated authors of various other nations.

In his library Monſ. Peliffon ſpent the happieſt moments of his life ; but nobody envied him the felicity which he felt from his literary attachments, as he diſcovered no ſmall ſelfiſhneſs by them, never imparting what he read, never appearing deſirous of increaſing his knowledge by the communication of his ideas. By that ſelfiſhneſs he certainly excluded himſelf from a variety of acquiſitions, which might have rendered his literary proſpects more extenſive ; which might have at once enlarged and embellished his mind. Like a Quaker, all his light was within, and none of his friends were benefited by his internal illuminations. In how unamiable a point of view does the man of erudition appear when he thus, keeping his learned ſtores locked up in his own mind, broods over them with the wretched ſatiſfaction of a miſer, hanging over his coffers.

With this ſelfiſh attachment to books, Monſ. Peliffon converſed little with men, and ſtill leſs with women : tranſported with the ſociety of
the

the dead (if I may hazard the expression) he had scarce any relish for the conversation of the living ; and, indeed, by spending the greatest part of his time in reading, he became gradually as unfit as he was unwilling to converse, so that when he came into company (and he could not always avoid mixing with the world,) he looked like a “ statue dropped from its pedestal,” and talked with as much embarrassment as if he had been a savage just brought from his native wood, without the smallest marks of civilization about him ; as awkward in his deportment, and as much at a loss for words.

By many this learned gentleman was laughed at for his uncouthness and singularity ; by many shunned from the strong operation of disgust ; by few he was pitied for habits which he had contracted by living in a kind of solitude, and for his inability to set himself off to advantage, from the adhesion of them. Such a man may as well attempt to change his skin, as to make himself an agreeable companion.

It will not be supposed by the readers of this sketch of Mons. Pelisson’s character, that he was a man of gallantry. During the course of those years, indeed, when most men, if they are susceptible

ceptible of tender impressions, feel their hearts softened by their interviews with the fair sex; Monf. Peliffon was too much engaged with his Cleopatras and Octavias, his Arrias and his Portias, his Cornelias, Terentias, and Calpurnias, and other illustrious women of antiquity, to think of any living female, though he might have, with little trouble, discovered women who would not have disgraced the ladies above-mentioned with their acquaintance.

Monf. Peliffon having wasted the prime of his life among his books, having arrived within a few months of his grand climacteric, was seized one day (being overheated by a passage in Ovid's Art of Love,) with a voilent—a preposterous desire to have a connection with a fair one.

When the passion of love gets into an old man's head, it allows him as little quiet as it does a young one, though the sensations which it excites cannot be supposed to operate with equal force. Monf. Peliffon was so much disturbed by his amorous sensations, that he was determined to look out for a female companion immediately, and to commit two mistakes of the first magnitude—to take a wife to his bosom, and to marry a young woman. Accordingly he applied to a

R

married

married lady of his acquaintance, who would, he imagined, without laughing at him, assist him in arriving at the summit of his wishes.

The lady to whom Monf. Peliffon applied for a wife, was a Madame Bourdieu, very happily united with a merchant of reputation, and in affluent circumstances. She was a sensible, conversible, easy, good-natured woman ; friendly and facetious. No woman loved humour better than Madame Bourdieu, and no woman ever saw the ridiculous sooner in her own sex, or in the other ; however, not having the least spark of malevolence in her disposition, she never took a delight in exposing the weaknesses of her friends, and of making herself merry at their expence. When Monf. Peliffon, therefore, opened his mind to her with regard to his matrimonial design, and intreated her to recommend him to a young lady well brought up, with a good understanding, and a good temper, (he was entirely easy about fortune, having enough for both,) she was ready to laugh out at his proposal and request ; but having really a regard for him, and pitying a propensity which could not but lead him into a “ sea of troubles,” she endeavoured to dissuade him from his intended nuptials, and (touching with great delicacy upon his advanced age,) advised him,

him, in the most friendly manner, to give up all thoughts of an hymenial connection.

Monf. Peliffon heard his friendly monitrefs with patience, but not with pleasure. He did not interrupt her in the midft of her diffuafives and admonitions, but as foon as fhe had closed her answer, he convinced her, by his immediate reply to it, that fhe had fpent her breath, and exhausted her reasoning and elocution to no purpofe. He was like Sir Wilful Witwood—he would do it : he would marry. “ It is refolved, Madam, I cannot live any longer without a wife—a young wife ; and if you will not recommend one to me, I muft apply to fomebody elfe.”

Madame Bourdieu was too polite to affront her wrong-headed friend, by telling him that fhe could not think of perfuading any young lady to facrifice herfelf by marrying a man at his time of life, for the fake of his money, not conceiving that any thing but intereft could poffibly induce a girl to be tied to him : fhe, therefore, only affured him, that there was no young woman among her acquaintance who would fuit him ; adding, “ that if he fhould find the wife he wifhed for, he ought to have a very mean opinion of her principles, as he might fafely conclude, fhe would marry
him

him under the influence of the most mercenary motives."

Monf. Peliffon, not a little displeased with Madame Bourdieu's refusing to be an agent for him, in the execution of his matrimonial commission, took his leave of her, without being fufficiently affected by the end of her fpeech to relinquish his nuptial purfuits. From her he went to another lady, with whom he was intimately acquainted, and delivered the fame request. From this lady he met with a different reception, a reception more agreeable to his tafte, and more favourable to his defires.

Madame Soubliere, inftead of endeavouring to damp his amorous flame, added fuel to it, by telling him, that fhe knew a very handsome girl who would fuit him to a hair, and who would think herfelf honoured by an alliance with him. "She is well born, continued Madame Soubliere, and fhe has been well educated; her perfon's ftriking, her fenfe is folid, and her parts are bright.—She has a very fmall fortune.—

"Oh! Madam," exclaimed the amorous philofopher, with an eagernels which did not at all fit graceful upon a forehead ploughed with wrinkles,

"No

“ No matter for fortune ; I want no money ; I have enough of it for us both. Therefore, dear Madam, introduce me to this charming creature as soon as you can. I shall be on the rack of impatience till you bring me to an interview with her.”

Madame Soubliere, like an artful woman, now threw a few obstacles in the antiquated lover's way, which would serve, she imagined to render him still more eager to see the lady whom she had recommended to him ; and she was not mistaken : he soon, with redoubled alacrity, removed all the objections she had started ; and upon his growing extravagantly pressing, she promised to let him see Mademoiselle Mureau at her house in the afternoon. Animated by this assurance, he left her with the most grateful acknowledgments, and when he got home, dressed himself with a precision to which he had not, even in his youngest days, attended, and in a manner which made him look older than he really was : attempting to appear with all the gaiety of youth in his apparel, the ravages which time had made in his face were doubly conspicuous.

Monf. Peliffon having dressed himself in the most youthful stile, went to Madame Soubliere's,
and

and there met the lady who was destined to be his wife.

Mademoiselle Mureau having been properly tutored by her friend, was thoroughly prepared to display all her charms, *dans tout leur jour*, in order to strike the old bachelor at first sight; and she made such good use of her tongue, when she found that her eyes had been successfully employed, that when she (suddenly recollecting an engagement in another place) quitted the room, she left her uncommon admirer absolutely enchanted.

Monf. Peliffon, the moment Mademoiselle Mureau had left the room, told the lady who had spoke to him in her favour, that she had given him the highest pleasure, and that he would, with her permission, wait on her the next day. His request was readily complied with: accordingly he made his appearance at the same place, in order to enjoy a second interview with his future bride.

In his second interview with the lady who had struck him so much in his first, he was still more delighted with her person, her behaviour, and her conversation; and before he took leave of her, he found an opportunity to make his addresses to her

her in form, which were received with a secret approbation. From that time his visits to Madame Soubliere's were frequent.

The frequent visits of this singular gentleman to a lady who was noted for match-making, occasioned no small speculation among the few friends with whom he associated, by way of relaxing his mind when he was tired with reading. They could not help wondering at the new appearance which he made *en galant homme*, being now more studious of his dress than he had ever been; but they did not know how to believe that he was going to be married. However, they were soon well assured that he was actually upon the point of entering into a matrimonial connection, and were unanimously of an opinion, when they heard the name of the lady pitched upon for his wife, that he would, in a little while after his wedding-day, severely condemn himself for his precipitation.

In the midst of his preparations for that day, Monf. Peliffon received a visit from one of his most intimate friends, just arrived from a rural excursion, and was accosted by him in the following manner:

“ Bless

“ Bless me ! my dear Peliffon, you do not look the man I left here some weeks ago. I left you almost buried among your books : I find you in a drefs very unlike that of a philofopher, and much more like that of a man of the world. What, I befeech you, has produced this ftriking change, not only in your appearance, but in your looks ? You have not the fame learned face you had when I was with you before I fet out upon my little tour ; there is not that hardnefs in your features which I then obferved in them. What can fo much have altered the expreffion in them ? Did I not know that you bid defiance to the fair fex, and all their charms, I fhould imagine that fome artful female has put all philofophical ideas to the rout, and filled your bofom with the tendereft fensations.”

Monf. Peliffon having heard his friend’s effufions with great patience, could not now refrain from interrupting him—“ Ah, my dear Janelle,” faid he, with a forcible preffure of the hand, “ I am not the fame man I was when you faw me fome time ago ; I have a new fet of fensations, and a new train of reflections. I am transformed into a new creature ; this great transformation has been produced by LOVE.”

At

At the moment the word *love* was articulated, Monf. Janelle burft into a violent fit of laughter. As foon as he was in a condition to get out his words, he replied, “ Love! impoffible! *you in love?* My grave, learned, ftudious Peliffon in love? You certainly joke, you can never be in earneft:—In love !”

“ I am not at all furprized at your aftonifhment upon this occafion,” faid Monf. Peliffon, “ as you furely had no reafon to fuppofe that I fhould ever have been, with my ftrong paffion for literature, feized with a paffion for women; but fo it is: finding myfelf no longer able to live without a female companion, and not chufing, upon many accounts, a difhonourable connection, I made enquiries among fome of my female friends for a wife, and have difcovered, in Mademoifelle Mureau, the very woman formed to make me the happieft of men.”

At the mention of Mademoifelle Mureau's name, Monf. Janelle was more inclined to pity his friend, than to laugh at him: of all the girls whom he knew, he looked upon her as the moft unfit to render an old man tolerably happy in the marriage-ftate; and therefore endeavoured, with all the warmth of language which his friend-

ship excited, and more warmth of temper than was welcome, to dissuade him from marrying Mademoiselle Mureau ; making use of, at the same time, what he thought unanswerable arguments, to give strength to his dissuasions.

Young men in love are seldom to be reasoned with: old men never: Monf. Pelisson heard all that his friend urged against his union with Mademoiselle Mureau, without being in the least affected by it; and on being close pushed, declared, at length, that he would leave the room, if any thing more was said upon the subject.

Monf. Janelle now perceiving that he had no hopes of saving his deluded friend from a marriage which could not, according to his sentiments with regard to the lady in question, be productive of any felicity to him, retired, but not without entreating him with additional earnestness, to consider very seriously upon the step he was going to take ; and closed his entreaties with the following line and a half from Virgil, which have been often quoted upon other occasions :

“ Facilis descensus averni ; sed revocare gradum,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.”——

Monf.

Monf. Peliffon was not at all forry to be left by himfelf, after having had his ears attacked in a manner highly difagreeable to them. When he had recovered a little from the agitation of fpirits into which his friend's arguments, perfuafions, and entreaties had thrown him, he repaired to the houfe which contained the bright object of his wifhes, and with her converfation, foon forgot all Janelle had been driving into his head.

In a few days after this reftoring vifit, this ill-matched, ill-fuited couple, Monf. Peliffon and Mademoifelle Mureau, were indiffolubly united. When the marriage ceremony was performed, the wrinkled bridegroom carried his blooming bride home in triumph; and while he fat grinning by her in his carriage, envied not the fineft young fellow in France, with the fineft girl in his poffeffion, fo thoroughly fatisfied was he with his nuptial choice.

From marriages fo disproportionate, from marriages between Januarys and Mays, between pairs with fenfations as oppofite as the firft and laft feafon of the year, what felicity can be expected? Is it poffible for a man in the winter of life to be a proper companion for a woman in her fpring? Can an Helena look upon Neftor with the eyes of
 ~ love?

love? But it is needless to carry the contrast any farther. Mons. Pelisson, heated with a false fire, caught from the inflammatory pages of the poet Sulmo, felt his ardors weaker and weaker from the day of marriage, and, in a short time, called himself a thousand fools for having been misled by an ignis fatuus, a deceitful flame, into the hy-menial circle, from which he wished most sincerely to remove himself; but he was fast bound by an adamantine chain, and was condemned like a gally slave, to that circle for life.

Madame Pelisson having gained her point by marrying her antiquated lover, did not deem it necessary to keep on the mask which she had made use of during the *mollia tempora fandi*, the soft season of courtship. In short, she became so extravagant a wife, and alarmed her husband to such a degree by her behaviour to the men, who now flocked to the house with her female friends, a numerous corps, that he had scarce any rest night or day. Often would he fly to his literary apartments to enjoy some peace with his beloved books, with his silent companions, when his ears had been almost stunned by the conversation of his loquacious ones; but in vain: they pursued him into his library, tossed about his ancients with a provoking wildness, and rallied him to death

death for poring over works of musty fellows, who had been for centuries in their grave.

It is not easy to describe the numerous interruptions which Mons. Pelisson met with to his domestic happiness, as a philosopher strongly addicted to letters; nor is it less difficult to paint the disquietudes which he endured as a man: as a man yoked with a woman who had married him entirely for his money; who had no relish for any intellectual pleasures, but a high taste for all the bodily diversions of the age; who was indeed never happy but in a croud, at once admiring and admired; and who was determined to live with as much spirit as any woman in the kingdom.

Among the fashionable pleasures of the age, to which Madame Pelisson was violently attached, gaming had a considerable share of her attention; and as she, in general, was successful, she was naturally tempted to raise supplies for her pocket expences from the tables of chance. One night, however, by a run of ill-luck, she not only lost all the money she had about her, but much more than she possibly could advance without drawing upon her husband; and as he had, in a generous fit,

fit, given her a large sum that very day, she knew not how to ask him so soon for an addition to it. In this dilemma she requested the gentleman who had laid her so heavily under contribution (who had, indeed, won her money in a very unfair manner) to stay a few days for the discharge of her debts. He readily consented, but with a proviso, that if she did not, within a month, settle with him in a pecuniary way, she should, upon the payment of his winnings afterwards, treat him with a personal *douceur*. To this proviso the lady willingly subscribed, not doubting but that she should, before the expiration of the stipulated time, wheedle her old man out of the sum she wanted, and save her reputation.

When Dufort, the successful gamester, made the above proposal to Madame Pelisson, he little thought that he should, in a few nights, be stripped himself by the superior address of his opponents. In this reduced condition, he wrote a line, to inform her of his loss, and to press her for the immediate payment of the money she owed him. Not receiving a satisfactory answer from her, he resented her behaviour so much, that he resolved to go himself to Mons. Pelisson directly, and insist upon his discharging his wife's debt.

Mons.

Monf. Peliffon feeing a very fmart young fellow introduced to him one morning, while he was intently reading in his night-gown and cap, started, and was juft going to ask him what his bufinefs was, as he had not feen him before, when his lady, having obferved Dufort from her own apartment, came running into the room, and arrefted his attention by appearing before him in a very fignificant attitude ; laying her finger upon her lip, as if fhe wifhed him to be filent with regard to tranfactions between them, and looking at him, at the fame time, as if fhe had fomething to communicate which would give him fatisfaction.

Dufort, in confequence of thefe pantomimical hints (though he was hard preffed for cash) determined not to blab ; and accordingly addreffed Monf. Peliffon in a ftyle different from that which he had intended to adopt. Inftead of acquainting him with the demands he had upon his wife, he made a number of apologies for having miftaken the houfe, and bowing profoundly, retired, directing an answer, fufficiently expreffive, to the lady of the houfe with his eyes.

The fudden appearance of this ftranger, his fubfequent behaviour, and his extraordinary departure, very much alarmed the old gentleman, who,

who, before this incident, had discovered strong marks of a jealous disposition. From this moment he suspected his wife of having an intrigue with him: and, in consequence of his increased apprehensions, watched her more narrowly than ever; but, in spite of all his vigilance, she gave him the slip one evening, and eloped with Dufort: to his additional mortification, she carried away with her things of value enough to convince him that she had no design to return.

ANECDOTE

OF

M. DE VIELLEVILLE.

FRANCIS the FIRST having appointed this French Nobleman Captain of a Regiment of which he had been Lieutenant, sent for him to announce his promotion to him. Vielleville humbly thanked his Majesty for the honour he had conferred on him, but begged to decline it, as he said he “had done nothing as yet worthy of it.” His Sovereign replied, “Why, Sir, I am very much mistaken, then; for I thought if you
had

you had been five hundred miles off, that you would have galloped night and day to ask this rank of me, and now I offer it to you myself, you refuse it. I cannot tell, I am sure, on what other occasion you can expect that I should give it to you." "Sire," replied Vielleville, "on the day of battle, when I shall have done something to deserve it; but if I accept of the honour your Majesty intends for me at this instant, all my companions would ridicule me for accepting it, and and suppose that it was given me in consideration of my being the near relation of the officer who last held it. I assure your Majesty, I had rather die than obtain rank by any other favour than by that of service.

Copy of a Letter from GEO. GRANVILLE, afterwards LORD LANDSDOWN, written to his Father about a Month before the PRINCE of ORANGE landed.

"MAR, near DONCASTER,
October 6th, 1688.

"To the Honourable Barnard Granville, at the Earl of Bathe's, St. James's.

"SIR,

"Your having no prospect of obtaining a commission for me, can no way alter or cool my de-

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fire

fire at this important juncture to venture my life, in some manner or other, for my King and my country.

“ I cannot bear living under the reproach of lying obscure and idle in a country retirement, when every man who has the least sense of honour should be preparing for the field.

“ You may remember, Sir, with what reluctance I submitted to your commands upon Monmouth’s rebellion, when no importunity could prevail with you to permit me to leave the academy : I was too young to be hazarded ; but, give me leave to say, it is glorious at any age to die for one’s country, and the sooner the nobler the sacrifice.

“ I am now older by three years. My uncle Bathe was not so old when he was left among the slain at the battle of Newbury ; nor You yourself, Sir, when you made your escape from your tutors, to join your brother at the defence of Scilly.

“ The same cause is now come round about again. The King has been missed ; let those who have missed him be answerable for it. Nobody
can

can deny but he is sacred in his own person, and it is every honest man's duty to defend it.

“ You are pleased to say, it is yet doubtful if the Hollanders are rash enough to make such an attempt ; but be that as it may, I beg leave to insist upon it, that I may be presented to his Majesty, as one whose utmost ambition it is to devote his life to his service, and my country's, after the example of all my ancestors.

“ The gentry assembled at York, to agree upon the choice of representatives for the county, have prepared an address, to assure his Majesty, they are ready to sacrifice their lives and fortunes for him upon this and all other occasions ; but at the same time they humbly beseech him to give them such magistrates as may be agreeable to the laws of the land ; for, at present, there is no authority to which they can legally submit.

“ They have been beating up for volunteers at York, and the towns adjacent, to supply the regiments at Hull ; but nobody will list.

“ By what I can hear, every body wishes well to the King ; but they would be glad if his Ministers were hanged.

“ The

“ The winds continue so contrary, that no landing can be so soon as was apprehended ; therefore I may hope, with your leave and assistance, to be in readiness before any action can begin. I beseech you, Sir, most humbly and most earnestly, to add this one act of indulgence more to so many other testimonies which I have constantly received of your goodness ; and be pleased to believe me always with the utmost duty and submission, Sir,

“ Your most dutiful Son,

And most obedient servant,

GEO. GRANVILLE.”

THE VANITY

OF

WISHING FOR OLD AGE.

ENLARGE my life with multitude of days,
In health and sickness, thus the suppliant
prays ;

Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
That life protracted—is protracted woe.

Time hovers o’er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy :

In

In vain the gifts their bounteous seasons pour,
 The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flower ;
 With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
 He views and wonders that they please no more.
 Now pall the tasteless meats and joyless wines,
 And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
 Approach ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
 And yield the tuneful lenitives of pain,
 No sound, alas ! would touch th' impervious ear,
 Tho' dancing mountains witness Orpheus near.
 No lute nor lyre his feeble power attend,
 Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend ;
 But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
 Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
 The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
 Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest ;
 While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring
 sneer,
 And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear ;
 The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
 The daughter's petulance—the son's expence,
 Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
 And mould his passions till they make his will.
 Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
 Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;
 But unextinguish'd av'rice still remains,
 And dreaded losses aggravate his pains ;

He

He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
 His bonds of debts and mortgages of lands :
 Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
 Unlocks his gold and counts it till he dies.
 But grant the virtues of a temp'rate prime,
 Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime,
 An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
 And glides in modest innocence away ;
 Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
 Whose night congratulating conscience cheers,
 The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend,
 Such age there is, and who would wish its end ?
 Yet ev'n on this her load misfortune flings,
 To press the weary minutes' flagging wings ;
 New sorrow rises as the day returns,
 A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
 Now kindred merit fills the fable bier,
 Now lacerated friendship claims a tear ;
 Year chafes year, decay pursues decay,
 Still drops some joy from with'ring life away :
 New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
 Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
 Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
 And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE

OF

VOLTAIRE.

VOLTAIRE, during his last visit at Paris, was fatigued by the congratulations of people of all ranks. A young Author, of middling talents and measureless vanity, thought it his duty to do homage to the Nestor of literature. Being introduced to the Philosopher, he began his complimentary address in these words;—“Great man! to day, I salute you as Homer; to morrow, I will salute you as Sophocles; next day, as Plato.”—He would have proceeded, but Voltaire interrupting him, said, “Little man! I am very old—could you not pay all your visits in one day?”

HISTORY OF AMELIA;

OR,

MALEVOLENCE DEFEATED.

MRS. Winifred Wormwood was the daughter of a rustic merchant, who, by the happy union of many lucrative trades, amassed an enormous

nious fortune. His family consisted of three girls, and Winifred was the eldest: long before she was twenty, she was surrounded with lovers, some probably attracted by the splendid prospect of her expected portion, and others truly captivated by her personal graces; for her person was elegant, and her elegance was enlivened with peculiar vivacity. Mr. Wormwood was commonly called a kind parent, and an honest man; and he might deserve, indeed, those honourable appellations, if it were not a profanation of language to apply them to a narrow and a selfish spirit. He indulged his daughters in many expensive amusements, because it flattered his pride; but his heart was engrossed by the profits of his extensive traffic: he turned, with the most repulsive asperity, from every proposal that could lead him to diminish his capital, and thought his daughters unreasonable, if they wished for any permanent satisfaction above that of seeing their father increase in opulence and splendour. His two younger children, who inherited from their deceased mother a tender delicacy of frame, languished and died at an early period of life, and the death of one of them was imputed, with great probability, to a severe disappointment in her first affection. The more sprightly Winifred, whose heart was a perfect stranger to genuine love, surmounted the mortification of seeing
many

many suitors discarded; and, by the insensate avarice of her father, she was naturally led into habits of artifice and intrigue. Possessing an uncommon share of very shrewd and piercing wit, with the most profound hypocrisy, she contrived to please, and to blind her plodding old parent; who perpetually harangued on the discretion of his daughter, and believed her a miracle of reserve and prudence, at the very time when she was suspected of such conduct as would have disqualified her, had it ever been proved, for the rank she now holds in this Essay. She was said to have amused herself with a great variety of amorous adventures, which eluded the observation of her father; but of the many lovers, who sighed to her in secret, not one could tempt her into marriage; and, to the surprise of the public, the rich heiress of Mr. Wormwood reached the age of thirty-seven, without changing her name.

Just as she arrived at this mature season of life, the opulent old gentleman took his leave of a world, in which he had acted a busy part, pleased with the idea of leaving a large fortune, as a monument of his industry, but wanting the superior satisfaction, which a more generous parent would probably have derived from the happy establishment of a daughter. He gained, how-

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ever,

ever, from the hypocrisy of Winifred, what he could not claim from her affection, the honour of being lamented with a profusion of tears. She distinguished herself by displaying all the delicate gradations of filial sorrow; but recovered, at a proper time, all the natural gaiety of her temper, which she had now the full opportunity of indulging, being mistress of a magnificent mansion, within a mile of a populous town, and enabled to enliven it with all the arts of luxury, by inheriting such accumulated wealth, as would safely support the utmost efforts of provincial splendor. Miss Wormwood now expected to see every bachelor of figure and consequence a suppliant at her feet: she promised to herself no little entertainment in sporting with their addresses, without the fear of suffering from a tyrannical husband, as she had learned caution from her father, and had privately resolved not to trust any man with her money; a resolution the more discreet, as she had much to apprehend, and very little to learn from so dangerous a master! The good-natured town, in whose environs the rich Winifred resided, very kindly pointed out to her no less than twenty lively beaux for her choice; but, to the shame or the honour of those gentlemen, they were too honest to make any advances. The report of her youthful frolics, and the dread of her sarcastic wit, had
more

more power to repel, than her person and her wealth had to attract. Passing her fiftieth year, she acquired the serious name of Mistress, without the dignity of a wife, and without receiving a single offer of marriage from the period in which she became the possessor of so opulent a fortune.

Whether this mortifying disappointment had given a peculiar asperity to her temper, or whether malevolence was the earlier characteristic of her mind, I will not pretend to determine; but it is certain, that from this autumnal, or rather wintry season of her life, Mrs. Wormwood made it her chief occupation to amuse herself with the most subtle devices of malicious ingenuity, and to frustrate every promising scheme of affection and delight, which she discovered in the wide circle of her acquaintance. She seemed to be tormented with an incessant dread, that youth and beauty might secure to themselves that happiness, which she found wit and fortune were unable to bestow; hence she watched, with the most piercing eye, all the lovely young women of her neighbourhood, and often insinuated herself into the confidence of many, that she might penetrate all the secrets of their love, and privately blast its success. She was enabled to render herself intimate with the young and the lovely, by the opulent splendor in
which

which she lived, and by the bewitching vivacity of her conversation. Her talents of this kind were, indeed, extraordinary; her mind was never polished or enriched by literature, as Mr. Wormwood set little value on any books, excepting those of his counting-house; and the earlier years of his daughter were too much engaged by duplicity and intrigue, to leave her either leisure or inclination for a voluntary attachment to more improving studies. She read very little, and was acquainted with no language but her own; yet a brilliant understanding, and an uncommon portion of ready wit supplied her with a more alluring fund of conversation, than learning could bestow. She chiefly recommended herself to the young and inexperienced, by the insinuating charm of the most lively ridicule, and by the art of seasoning her discourse with wanton inuendos of so subtle a nature, that gravity knew not how to object to them. She had the singular faculty of throwing such a soft and dubious twilight over the most licentious images, that they captivated curiosity and attention, without exciting either fear or disgust. Her malevolence was perpetually disguised under the mask of gaiety, and she completely possessed that plausibility of malice, so difficult to attain, and so forcibly recommended in the words of Lady Macbeth :

“ Bear

“ Bear welcome in your eye,
“ Your hand, your tongue ; look like the innocent
“ flower,
“ But be the serpent under it !

With what success she practised this dangerous lesson, the reader may learn from the following adventure.——

It was the custom of Mrs. Wormwood to profess the most friendly solicitude for female youth, and the highest admiration of beauty ; she wished to be considered as their patroness, because such an idea afforded her the fairest opportunities of secretly mortifying their insufferable presumption. With a peculiar refinement in malice, she first encouraged, and afterwards defeated, those amusing matrimonial projects, which the young and beautiful are so apt to entertain. The highest gratification, which her ingenious malignity could devise, consisted in torturing some lovely inexperienced girl, by playing upon the tender passions of an open and unsuspecting heart.

Accident threw within her reach a most tempting subject for such fiend-like diversion, in the person of Amelia Nevil, the daughter of a brave and accomplished officer, who closing a laborious
and

and honourable life in very indigent circumstances, had left his unfortunate child to the care of his maiden sister. The aunt of Amelia was such an Old Maid as might alone suffice to rescue the sisterhood from ridicule and contempt. She had been attached, in her early days, to a gallant youth, who unhappily lost his own life in preserving that of his dear friend, her brother: she devoted herself to his memory with the most tender, unaffected, and invariable attachment; refusing several advantageous offers of marriage, though her income was so narrow, that necessity obliged her to convert her whole fortune into an annuity, just before the calamitous event happened, which made her the only guardian of the poor Amelia. This lovely, but unfortunate girl was turned of fourteen on the death of her father. She found, in the house of his sister, the most friendly asylum, and a relation, whose heart and mind made her most able and willing to form the character of this engaging orphan, who appeared to be as highly favoured by nature, as she was persecuted by fortune. The beauty of Amelia was so striking, and the charms of her lively understanding began to display themselves in so enchanting a manner, that her affectionate aunt could not bear the idea of placing her in any lower order of life: she gave her the education
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of a gentlewoman, in the flattering and generous hope, that her various attractions might supply the absolute want of fortune, and that she should enjoy the delight of seeing her dear Amelia, happily settled in marriage, before her death exposed her lovely ward to that poverty, which was her only inheritance.—Heaven disposed it otherwise. This amiable woman, after having acted the part of a most affectionate parent to her indigent niece, died before Amelia attained the age of twenty. The poor girl was now apparently destitute of every resource; and exposed to penury, with a heart bleeding for the loss of a most indulgent protector. A widow lady of her acquaintance very kindly afforded her a refuge in the first moments of her distress, and proposed to two of her opulent friends, that Amelia should reside with them by turns, dividing her year between them, and passing four months with each. As soon as Mrs. Wormwood was informed of this event, as she delighted in those ostentatious acts of apparent beneficence, which are falsely called charity, she desired to be admitted among the voluntary guardians of the poor Amelia. To this proposal all the parties assented, and it was settled, that Amelia should pass the last quarter of every year, as long as she remained single, under the roof of Mrs. Wormwood. This lovely orphan had a sensibility

sibility of heart, which rendered her extremely grateful for the protection she received, but which made her severely feel all the miseries of dependence. Her beauty attracted a multitude of admirers, many of whom, presuming on her poverty, treated her with a licentious levity, which always wounded her ingenuous pride. Her person, her mind, her manners, were universally commended by the men; but no one thought of making her his wife. “ Amelia,” they cried, “ is an enchanting creature; but who, in these times, can afford to marry a pretty, proud girl, supported by charity?” Though this prudential question was never uttered in the presence of Amelia, she began to perceive its influence, and suffered a painful dread of proving a perpetual burden to those friends, by whose generosity she subsisted; she wished a thousand times, that her affectionate aunt, instead of cultivating her mind with such dangerous refinement, had placed her in any station of life where she might have maintained herself by her own manual labour: she sometimes entertained a project of making some attempt for this purpose; and she once thought of changing her name, and of trying to support herself as an actress on one of the public theatres; but this idea, which her honest pride had suggested, was effectually suppressed by her modesty; and she continued to waste the most

precious

precious time of her youth, under the mortification of perpetually wishing to change her mode of life, and of not knowing how to effect it. Almost two years had now elapsed since the death of her aunt, and without any prospect of marriage: she was now in her second period of residence with Mrs. Wormwood. Amelia's understanding was by no means inferior to her other endowments; she began to penetrate all the artful disguise, and to gain a perfect and very painful insight into the real character of her present hostess. This lady had remarked, that when Miss Nevil resided with her, her house was much more frequented by gentlemen, than at any other season. This, indeed, was true; and it unluckily happened, that these visitors often forgot to applaud the smart sayings of Mrs. Wormwood, in contemplating the sweet countenance of Amelia; a circumstance fully sufficient to awaken, in the neglected wit, the most bitter envy, hatred, and malice. In truth, Mrs. Wormwood detested her lovely guest with the most implacable virulence; but she had the singular art of disguising her detestation in the language of flattery: she understood the truth of Pope's maxim, "*He hurts me most who lavishly commends;*" and she therefore made use of lavish commendation, as an instrument of malevolence towards Amelia; she insulted the taste and ridiculed the choice

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of

of every new married man; and declared herself convinced that he was a fool, because he had not chosen that most lovely young woman.

To more than one gentleman she said, You must marry Amelia; and, as few men chuse to be driven into wedlock, some offers were possibly prevented by the treacherous vehemence of her praise. Her malice, however, was not sufficiently gratified by observing that Amelia had no prospect of marriage. To indulge her malignity, she resolved to amuse this unhappy girl with the hopes of such a joyous event, and then to turn, on a sudden, all these splendid hopes into mockery and delusion. Accident led her to pitch on Mr. Nelson, as a person whose name she might with the greatest safety employ, as the instrument of her insidious design, and with the greater chance of success, as she observed that Amelia had conceived for him a particular regard.

Mr. Nelson was a gentleman, who, having met with very singular events, had contracted a great, but very amiable singularity of character: he was placed, early in life, in a very lucrative commercial situation, and was on the point of settling happily in marriage with a very beautiful young lady, when
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the house, in which she resided, was consumed by fire. Great part of her family, and among them the destined bride, was buried in the ruins.

Mr. Nelson, in losing the object of his ardent affection, by so sudden a calamity, lost for some time the use of his reason; and when his health and senses returned, he still continued under the oppression of the profoundest melancholy, till his fond devotion to the memory of her whom he had lost in so severe a manner, suggested to his fancy a singular plan of benevolence, in the prosecution of which, he recovered a great portion of his former spirits. This plan consisted in searching for female objects of charity, whose distresses had been occasioned by fire. As his fortune was very ample, and his own private expences very moderate, he was able to relieve many unfortunate persons in this condition; and his affectionate imagination delighted itself with the idea, that in these uncommon acts of beneficence, he was guided by the influence of that lovely angel, whose mortal beauty had perished in the flames.

Mr. Nelson frequently visited a married sister, who was settled in the town where Mrs. Wormwood resided. There was also in the same town, an amiable elderly widow, for whom he had a particular

particular esteem. This lady, whose name was Melford, had been left in very scanty circumstances on the death of her husband, and, residing at that time in London, she had been involved in additional distress by that calamity, to which the attentive charity of Mr. Nelson was for ever directed : he more than repaired the loss which she sustained by fire, and assisted in settling her in the neighbourhood of his sister.

Mrs. Melford had been intimate with the aunt of Amelia, and was still the most valuable friend of that lovely orphan, who paid her frequent visits, though she never resided under her roof. Mr. Nelson had often seen Amelia at the house of Mrs. Melford, which led him to treat her with particular politeness, whenever he visited Mrs. Wormwood ; a circumstance on which the latter founded her ungenerous project. She perfectly knew all the singular private history of Mr. Nelson, and firmly believed, like all the rest of his acquaintance, that no attractions could ever tempt him to marry ; but she thought it possible to make Amelia conceive the hope, that her beauty had melted his resolution ; and nothing she supposed, could more effectually mortify her guest, than to find herself derided for so vain an expectation.

Mrs.

Mrs. Wormwood began, therefore, to insinuate, in the most artful manner, that Mr. Nelson was very particular in his civilities to Amelia ; magnified all his amiable qualities, and expressed the greatest pleasure in the prospect of so delightful a match. These petty artifices, however, had no effect on the natural modesty and diffidence of Amelia ; she saw nothing that authorized such an idea in the usual politeness of a well-bred man of thirty-seven ; she pitied the misfortune, she admired the elegant and engaging, though serious manners, and she revered the virtues of Mr. Nelson ; but, supposing his mind to be entirely engrossed, as it really was, by his singular charitable pursuits, she entertained not a thought of engaging his affection.

Mrs. Wormwood was determined to play off her favourite engine of malignity, in a counterfeited letter. She had acquired, in her youth, the very dangerous talent of forging any hand that she pleased ; and her passion for mischief had afforded her much practice in this treacherous art. Having previously, and secretly engaged Mr. Nelson to drink tea with her, she wrote a billet to Amelia, in the name of his hand. The billet said, that he designed himself the pleasure of passing that afternoon at the house of Mrs. Wormwood, and requested the favour of a private conference with

Miss

Miss Nevil in the course of the evening, intimating, in the most delicate and doubtful terms, an ardent desire of becoming her husband. Mrs. Wormwood contrived that Amelia should not receive this billet till just before dinner time, that she might not shew it to her friend and confidant Mrs. Melford, and, by her means, detect its fallacy before the hour of her intended humiliation arrived.

Amelia blushed on reading the note, and in the first surprise of unsuspecting innocence, gave it to the vigilant Mrs. Wormwood; who burst into vehement expressions of delight, congratulated her blushing guest on the full success of her charms, and triumphed in her own prophetic discernment. They sat down to dinner, but poor Amelia could hardly swallow a morsel; her mind was in a tumultuous agitation of pleasure and amazement. The malicious impostor, enjoying her confusion, allowed her no time to compose her hurried spirits in the solitude of her chamber. Some female visitors arrived to tea; and, at length, Mr. Nelson entered the room. Amelia trembled and blushed as he approached her; but she was a little relieved from her embarrassment by the business of the tea-table, over which she presided. Amelia was naturally graceful in every thing she did, but
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the present agitation of her mind gave a temporary awkwardness to all her motions: she committed many little blunders in the management of the tea-table; a cup fell from her trembling hand, and was broken; but the politeness of Mr. Nelson led him to say so many kind and graceful things to her on these petty incidents, that, instead of increasing her distress, they produced an opposite effect, and the tumult of her bosom gradually subsided into a calm and composed delight. She ventured to meet the eyes of Mr. Nelson, and thought them expressive of that tenderness which promised a happy end to all her misfortunes. At the idea of exchanging misery and dependence for comfort and honour, as the wife of so amiable a man, her heart expanded with the most innocent and grateful joy. This appeared in her countenance, and gave such an exquisite radiance to all her features, that she looked a thousand times more beautiful than ever. Mrs. Wormwood saw this improvement of her charms, and, sickening at the sight, determined to reduce the splendor of such insufferable beauty, and hastily to terminate the triumph of her deluded guest. She began with a few malicious and sarcastic remarks on the vanity of beautiful young women, and the hopes which they frequently entertained of an imaginary lover; but finding these

remarks

remarks produced not the effect she intended, she took an opportunity of whispering in the ear of Amelia, and begged her not to harbour any vain expectations, for the billet she had received was a counterfeit, and a mere piece of pleasantry. Amelia shuddered, and turned pale: surprise, disappointment, and indignation, conspired to overwhelm her. She exerted her utmost power to conceal her emotions; but the conflict in her bosom was too violent to be disguised. The tears which she vainly endeavoured to suppress, burst forth, and she was obliged to quit the room in very visible disorder. Mr. Nelson expressed his concern; but he was checked in his benevolent enquiries by the caution of Mrs. Wormwood, who said, on the occasion, that Miss Nevil was a very amiable girl, but she had some peculiarities of temper, and was apt to put a wrong construction on the innocent pleasantry of her friends.

Mr. Nelson observing that Amelia did not return, and hoping that his departure might contribute to restore the interrupted harmony of the house, took an early leave of Mrs. Wormwood; who immediately flew to the chamber of Amelia, to exult, like a fiend, over that lovely victim of her successful malignity. She found not the person, whom she was so eager to insult. Amelia
had,

indeed, retired to her chamber, and passed there a very miserable half hour, much hurt by the treacherous cruelty of Mrs. Wormwood ; and still more wounded by reflections on her own credulity, which she condemned with that excess of severity so natural to a delicate mind, in arraigning itself. She would have flown for immediate consolation to her friend, Mrs. Melford, but she had reason to believe that lady engaged on a visit, and she therefore resolved to take a solitary walk for the purpose of composing her spirits ; but neither solitude nor exercise could restore her tranquillity ; and, as it grew late in the evening, she hastened to Mrs. Melford's, in hopes of now finding her returned. Her worthy old confidant was, indeed, in her little parlour alone, when Amelia entered the room. The eyes of this lovely girl immediately betrayed her distress ; and the old lady, with her usual tenderness, exclaimed, “ Good heaven ! my dear child, for what have you been crying ? ” “ Because,” replied Amelia, in a broken voice, and bursting into a fresh shower of tears, “ because I am a fool.” Mrs. Melford began to be most seriously alarmed, and, expressing her maternal solicitude in the kindest manner, Amelia produced the fatal paper.— “ There,” says she, “ is a letter in the name of your excellent friend, Mr. Nelson ; it is a forgery

of Mrs. Wormwood's, and I have been such an idiot as to believe it real."

The affectionate Mrs. Melford, who, in her first alarm, had apprehended a much heavier calamity, was herself greatly comforted in discovering the truth, and said many kind things to console her young friend. "Do not fancy," replied Amelia, "that I am foolishly in love with Mr. Nelson, though I think him the most pleasing, as well as the most excellent of men; and though I confess to you, that I should certainly think it a blessed lot to find a refuge from the misery of my present dependence in the arms of so benevolent and so generous a protector."—"Those arms are now opened to receive you," said a voice that was heard before the speaker appeared. Amelia started at the sound, and her surprise was not a little increased in seeing Mr. Nelson himself, who entering the room from an adjoining apartment, embraced the lovely orphan in a transport of tenderness and delight. Amelia, alive to all the feelings of genuine modesty, was for some minutes more painfully distressed by this surprise, than she had been by her past mortification. She was ready to sink into the earth, at the idea of having betrayed her secret to the man, from whom she would have laboured most to conceal it. In the
first

first tumult of this delicate confusion, she sinks into a chair, and hides her face in her handkerchief. Nelson, with a mixture of respect and love, being afraid of increasing her distress, seizes one of her hands, and continues to kiss it without uttering a word. The good Mrs. Melford, almost as much astonished, but less painfully confused than Amelia, beholds this unexpected scene with that kind of joy which is much more disposed to weep than to speak: and, while this little party is thus absorbed in silence, let me hasten to relate the incidents which produced their situation. Mr. Nelson had observed the farcastic manner of Mrs. Wormwood towards Amelia, and, as soon as he had ended his uncomfortable visit, he hastened to the worthy Mrs. Melford, to give her some little account of what had passed, and to concert with her some happier plan for the support of this amiable insulted orphan. "I am acquainted," said he, "with some brave and wealthy officers, who have served with the father of Miss Nevil, and often speak of him with respect; I am sure I can raise among them a subscription for the maintenance of this tender unfortunate girl: we will procure for her an annuity, that shall enable her to escape from such malignant patronage, to have a little home of her own, and to support

support a servant." Mrs. Melford was transported with this idea; and, recollecting all her own obligations to this benevolent man, wept, and extolled his generosity; and, suddenly seeing Amelia at some distance, through a bow window, which commanded the street in which she lived, "Thank heaven!" she cried, "here comes my poor child, to hear and bless you for the extent of your goodness." Nelson, who delighted most in doing good by stealth, immediately extorted from the good old lady a promise of secrecy: it was the best part of his plan, that Amelia should never know the persons to whom she was to owe her independence. "I am still afraid of you, my worthy old friend," said Nelson; "your countenance or manner will, I know, betray me, if Miss Nevil sees me here to night." "Well," said the delighted old lady, "I will humour your delicacy; Amelia will, probably, not stay with me ten minutes; you may amuse yourself, for that time, in my spacious garden: I will not say you are here; and, as soon as the good girl returns home, I will come and impart to you the particulars of her recent vexation." "Admirably settled!" cried Nelson; and he immediately retreated into a little back room, which led, through a glass door, into a long slip of ground, embellished with the sweetest and the least expensive flowers, which afforded
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a favourite occupation and amusement to Mrs. Melford. Nelson, after taking a few turns in this diminutive garden, finding himself rather chilled by the air of the evening, retreated again into the little room he had passed, intending to wait there till Amelia departed; but the partition between the parlours being extremely slight, he overheard the tender confession of Amelia, and was hurried towards her by an irresistible impulse, in the manner already described.

Mrs. Melford was the first who recovered from the kind of trance, into which our little party had been thrown by their general surprise; and she enabled the tender pair, in the prospect of whose union her warm heart exulted, to regain that easy and joyous possession of their faculties, which they lost for some little time in their mutual embarrassment. The applause of her friend, and the adoration of her lover, soon taught the diffident Amelia to think less severely of herself. The warm-hearted Mrs. Melford declared, that these occurrences were the work of Heaven. “That,” replied the affectionate Nelson, “I am most willing to allow; but you must grant, that Heaven has produced our present happiness by the blind agency of a fiend; and, as our dear Amelia has too gentle a spirit to rejoice in beholding the malignity of a
devil

devil converted into the torment of its possessor, I must beg, that she may not return, even for a single night, to the house of Mrs. Wormwood."

Amelia pleaded her sense of past obligations, and wished to take a peaceful leave of her patroness; but she submitted to the urgent intreaties of Nelson, and remained for a few weeks under the roof of Mrs. Melford, when she was united at the altar to the man of her heart. Nelson had the double delight of rewarding the affection of an angel, and of punishing the malevolence of a fiend. He announced, in person, to Mrs. Wormwood his intended marriage with Amelia, on the very night when that treacherous Old Maid had amused herself with the hope of deriding her guest, whose return she was eagerly expecting, in the moment Nelson arrived to say, that Amelia would return no more.

The surprise and mortification of Mrs. Wormwood arose almost to frenzy; she racked her malicious and inventive brain for expedients to defeat the match, and circulated a report for that purpose, which decency will not allow me to explain. Her artifice was detected and despised. Amelia was not only married, but the most admired, the most beloved, and the happiest of human beings;

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an event which preyed so incessantly on the spirits of Mrs. Wormwood, that she fell into a rapid decline, and ended, in a few months, her mischievous and unhappy life, a memorable example, that the most artful malignity may sometimes procure for the object of its envy, that very happiness which it labours to prevent.

ANECDOTE OF DR. GREEN.

DR. GREEN, of St. John's College, trying to skate, got a terrible fall backwards.—“Why, Doctor,” said a friend that was near him, “I thought you had understood the business better.”—“O,” replied the Doctor, “I have the theory perfectly; I want nothing but the practice.”—How many of us, in matters of a much higher and more important nature, come under the Doctor's predicament!

SPLEEN.

CURSE on thee Spleen! or liberate, my soul,
 Or I must call on Madness for relief;
 Madness is bliss, compar'd with thy controul
 Of nerveless yearnings, and lean, tearless grief!
 For

For Madnefs sometimes will give ear to mirth;
 Yes, I have feen him footh'd into a fmile:
 But thou, O Locuft! of the ficklieft birth,
 Gangren'ft all humours with thy vapoury bile!

Not even Love—and Madnefs fits by Love,
 And hears his tale, and fighs, and oft will weep:
 Whilft thou, worft horror of the wrath of Jove?
 Wouldft dafh him headlong from the wildeft
 fleep.

I can no more.—Heav'n fave me! left defpair
 Drive my poor struggling foul to tax thy care!

THE RASH FATHER,

A MORAL TALE.

MR. Tomlinfon, a worthy and eminent merchant of Bristol, who had raifed an handsome fortune with reputation, would have been an unexceptionable character, if he had not acted in a very unfatherly manner, by having taken a preposterous averfion to his eldeft fon, becaufe he would not facrifice himfelf to a woman every way difagreeable to him for the fake of her money. In the laft converfation between George and his father,

father upon the subject on which they frequently debated with mutual warmth, (though George, during his warmest objections to the lady in question, did not behave disrespectfully) the latter talked to him in the following peremptory strain:

“ Well, George, since you so obstinately refuse to marry Miss Hodges, though you might make your fortune by making her your wife, for she is over head and ears in love with you, and has no relations to controul her, I will have nothing more to say to you: therefore you may go where you please, for under this roof, young man, you shall not sleep another night.”

George was thunderstruck at the concluding words of his father's speech, not in the least imagining that he *would*, or that he *could*, have carried his resentment so far against him. He was rooted to the floor, unable, for *some* moments, to stir or to speak; but he was soon roused from his stupor by his father's voice, who re-addressed him with still louder tones—

“ Why do you stand thus stupified with your mouth open like an idiot?—I speak plain enough, don't I?—You understand me, don't you?—I tell you, George, again, that if you will not consent

to marry Hannah Hodges, you may take yourself away as soon as you please!"

George made no reply, but bowed obsequiously, and moved towards the door.

Mr. Tomlinson, provoked at his silence, which he considered as a confirmation of his disobedience, told him, just as he was shutting the door, "that he was a d—d perverse fellow, and would, one time or other, repent of his folly.

George, without returning an answer, quitted the house directly, and went to a gentleman in a different quarter of the city, from whom he had received, on his father's account, as well as in consequence of his own good behaviour, many flattering civilities.

Soon after his departure, Harry, his younger brother, who had been absent a few days on his father's business, arrived.—When he had acquainted him with the transactions in which he had been engaged, he naturally enquired after his brother.

"Your brother," said Mr. Tomlinson, reddening with rage, "is an undutiful dog, and I have
given

given him up to his own inventions. I have nothing more to do with him: he has thought proper to refuse Hannah Hodges, and till he can bring himself to put twenty thousand pounds in his pocket by marrying a girl who doats upon him, I shall disclaim him for my son."

Harry, shocked at that speech, begged him to recal his words, and to take his brother into favour again; but to no purpose did he give the strongest proofs of his fraternal affection. His father was inexorable, and left the room determined to disinherit an amiable son, because he would not render himself wretched for life, by submitting to his unreasonable—not to say cruel—commands.

The gentleman to whom George repaired, on being ejected from his father's house, received him with his usual politeness, was greatly concerned to hear of his old friend's unjust and injurious behaviour, and kindly undertook to produce a reconciliation between them.

"As you are not unacquainted, Sir, with my father's inflexibility, when he has once set his heart on a thing, you cannot, I imagine, have any hopes of his receiving me again into his favour,
but

but upon his own terms, to which I can, by no means subscribe, because I cannot possibly think of giving my hand to a woman whom I behold with the highest disgust, in order to enrich myself with her fortune.—Honour and conscience both forbid me to act in so base, so mercenary a manner.”

“I approve of your sentiments, George,” replied Mr. Hoskins, “and will not, you may be assured, desire you to act in opposition from them; but, notwithstanding what you have said, I am sanguine enough to believe that I shall be a successful negociator between you and your father: I will, at least, do my best endeavours, and if those endeavours succeed not according to my wishes, I will try to put you into a way to subsist genteelly, though driven from the protection of him who, under the influence of a contemptible passion, shamefully overlooks the merit of so worthy a son. In the mean time,” added he, “you shall be accommodated at my house.”

George, whose bosom glowed with gratitude while Mr. Hoskins spoke the above words, with an earnestness which evinced the sincerity of his friendship, poured out the acknowledgments which immediately occurred to him.

Mr.

Mr. Hoskins, who was a man not given to falsify his promises, went the very next day to Mr. Tomlinson, and talked seriously over the affair which had occasioned his visit to him. "I am both surprised and concerned, my old friend," said he, "to find that you have treated your son George with so much unkindness, with so much injustice, and were I to add cruelty, I should not make use of too strong an expression.—I always thought that you had too great a regard for George to render him miserable."

"Why, so I have," replied he, hastily interrupting him, "I don't want to make him miserable; I want to make him happy."

"You have not discovered such a desire, let me tell you though, by turning him out of doors, because he will not marry the girl whom *you* have pitched upon, against his inclination."

"Inclination!—What signifies inclination? Prudence should always give place to inclination. Hannah Hodges is a good sort of a girl, and has twenty thousand pounds at her own command.—She is not handsome, indeed; but what of that? There's no necessity for beauty in a wife; beauty does a great deal more harm than good in the world.—

world.--But that's neither here nor there.—George has shewn himself a refractory puppy, and so I have sent him off to follow his inclination, since he is so devilish fond of it."

Mr. Hoskins, though he was not disposed to controvert some of the positions in his friend's speech, was so extremely dissatisfied with it upon the whole, that he could not help re-attacking him with all the powers of argument and persuasion he was master of; but Mr. Tomlinson remained unshaken by them, and positively refused to take his ejected son under his roof again without the required submission.—Unable, therefore, to gain his point, Mr. Hoskins returned to his young friend, and, after having thrown out a few severe reflections against his father, which his unpaternal behaviour had extorted from him, he renewed his generous assurances.

A privateer, in which Mr. Hoskins had a considerable share, being to sail soon on a cruize against the French, he asked George if he had a mind to put himself in fortune's way, by hazarding his person against the enemies of his country.

George, who was a patriotic youth, fired immediately at hearing these enemies mentioned ;
and

and Mr. Hoskins ventured to recommend him to the Captain as a young man who would do him no discredit when his courage was called upon.

In less than a fortnight after the sailing of the privateer in which George was on board, Miss Hodges met with so smart a shock to her finances by the sudden flight of a gentleman to the continent whom she had entrusted with a large part of her fortune, for the sake of more interest than she could have from the funds, that she was reduced to a very strait situation; for she never, indeed, had the sum of which Mr. Tomlinson, misled by appearance, and duped by his credulity, thought her possessed of.

This event opened Mr. Tomlinson's eyes, and he sincerely repented of having proceeded with so much rigour against a son who had not, on any other occasion, proved undutiful.

Harry, seeing his father very much concerned for what he had done, and affected by his very penitential effusions, said, "Pray let me go, Sir, to Mr. Hoskins: perhaps he may have an opportunity soon to let my brother know, some how, of this happy turn; I long to have him acquainted with your returned regard."

"You

“ You are an excellent boy, Harry,” said Mr. Tomlinson, “ for that speech ; but I shall never forgive myself for my rashness.—My poor George may be killed or cast away by this time. However, I will go and talk with my friend Hoskins about this business.”—He accordingly went immediately to Mr. Hoskins, who expressed a great deal of satisfaction at his repentance ; and communicated not a little pleasure to him by a piece of news he had just received concerning his privateer. “ She has taken a good prize,” continued he, “ and I expect her home in a short time. Your son, who is a brave boy, went out as happy as he could be under the load of your unkindness ; but he will be quite another thing when he finds you ready to receive him with open arms : and I own, I now wish extremely to see the interview between you, as I am pretty sure that you will bury all your former resentment against him in your first embrace when he comes ashore.”

“ Ay, that I will, replied, Mr. Tomlinson ; tho’ I should be almost ashamed to see him.—However, I will make him all the amends in my power for my past unfatherly behaviour.—In the height of that resentment, which I now remember with the truest contrition, I with a hasty stroke of my pen disinherited him ; but I will, as soon as I get home,

home, erase every word dictated by passion, and substitute others, for which he shall have no reason to revile my memory when I am no more."

With this laudable resolution he left Mr. Hopkins; but just when he came within a few yards of his own door, he fell down in an apoplectic fit, from which he was recovered by the usual remedies administered in such cases; though he died before he could make the intended alteration in his will.

ANECDOTE OF JEANNIN.

JEANNIN was President of the Parliament of Dijon, when Henry the Fourth took possession of Paris.—A rich country Gentleman of Burgundy being much struck with Jeannin's eloquence in the Parliament of that Province, was very anxious to have him for his son-in-law, and waited upon him to tell him of his intention. On his asking him what property he possessed, Jeannin, pointing to his head, and to a small collection of books in the room, said, "In these, Sir, consist all my wealth and all my fortune."

THE FORCE OF CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

A MORAL TALE.

A Very striking proof of conjugal affection must give pleasure to all who are happy themselves in the marriage state, in consequence of it, and who wish to see every couple nuptially connected, in possession of the same felicity ; the following tale, containing such a proof—and on the ladies side—will, surely, be read by the fair sex with particular satisfaction ; by the British fair too, though the heroine of the story is a foreigner—nay, a Florentine.

Those who have been conversant in writings concerning the Italian nation must remember to have met with severe strictures on the women of Florence, for the licentiousness of their conduct, in consequence of the levity of their principles ; and, not improbably, from the warmth of their constitutions, arising from the warmth of their climate. Conjugal infidelity, however, though it may be frequent in such a climate, is not confined to any particular spot. In every part of the peopled globe, matrimonial inconstancy may, undoubtedly, be met with, and even the frozen regions of the north have produced pairs not altogether

gether exempt from that charge which has been so severely pointed against the Florentine fair ones.

Violetta Bellini, with a large share of beauty, had much more wit than falls to the lot of the majority of her sex. With a figure towering to a majestic height, without the assistance of wool and feathers, she was totally free from a certain awkwardness, by which many tall women are distinguished: she was, indeed, finely proportioned throughout, and was so graceful in her motions, that while she looked a Venus, she reminded every classical beholder of that line in Virgil, in which Æneas recognizes his goddess-mother by her graceful step at her departure from him in her smart hunting-dress. With features happily arranged, and rendered doubly attractive by the expression with which they were illuminated, Violetta never failed to allure every man whose heart was susceptible of tender impressions, and seemed to have sufficient power, in a pair of speaking eyes, (in whatever manner she wanted to employ them,) to subdue every heart which she wished to conquer. But Violetta was no coquette. There was only one man in Florence whom she wished to conquer, and that heart she subdued; nor did she, from the day she was indissolubly united
to

to him, give him the least reason to suspect her of any illicit proceeding, injurious to his own honour, and to her reputation. He considered himself, and justly, in possession of a treasure of inestimable value, and the compliments which she received from all his friends upon the felicity of his choice, made him still more satisfied with his purchase; for Violetta not having been so much favoured by fortune as by nature, might have been thrown into the way of very dangerous temptations, if Signor Bellini, a man of opulence, erudition, and taste, with a no small share of moral, as well as literary merit, had not placed her in a sphere of life to which she was not, indeed, born, but in which she appeared to uncommon advantage. Far from being dazzled by the glare of prosperity, far from being intoxicated by her elevation, she behaved with such exquisite propriety upon every occasion, that she drew the highest panegyrics from all those who had eyes to see, judgment to discern, and candour to approve. By those only who envied her exalted state was her behaviour in that state condemned: by them only was her conduct censured, and her character traduced. There is, doubtless, as much truth as poetry—perhaps more—in the following couplet:

“ Envy will merit, like a shade pursue,

“ But, like a shadow, proves the substance true.”

Yet

Yet the malevolence of the envious must always give some pain to the deserving ; and what has not an Italian lady to fear from the malevolence of a rival beauty—if the accounts of Italian jealousy are not the fictions of a fabulist.

Friends in abundance Violetta gained by the propriety of her conduct, but by that very conduct she also made many of her own sex her enemies ; especially those women among her married acquaintance ; who could not bear to behold her superior to them in riches : they were pained by her prosperity, and they were secretly pained too by her happiness, though they affected to despise her for her attachment to one man ; and those who were checked by no moral considerations, availed themselves of every feminine art to blast that reputation which severely reproached them for their deviations from the paths of conjugal virtue.—In every shape they could think of, they attacked her : they left nothing undone, indeed, to shake her fidelity ; but their efforts were as weak as they were wicked ; she rose superior to all the artifices made use of to render her inconstant to the man for whom she felt the sincerest affection ; to the man whom she loved, honoured, and revered.

Such

Such are the principal traits of Violetta's character, and those, who from a review of them, feel themselves prepossessed in her favour, will not be surpris'd to hear that her husband, while he was as sensible of her intrinsic merit, as he was of the force of her personal attractions, was uxorious to an unusual degree, and never thoroughly convinced of her conjugal fidelity, was seized with that passion which is productive, especially in the hotter climates—of consequences, at once to be dreaded and deplored.

Signor Bellini was, in fact, as fond a husband as had been ever remembered among his amorous countrymen, and every new proof which Violetta gave him of her steady attachment to him, rendered him still more firmly attached to her. In the animated language of true poetry,

They were the happiest pair of human kind;
 The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
 And back return'd again:
 Another, and another smiling came,
 And saw their happiness unchang'd remain;
 Still in her golden chain,
 Harmonious concord did their wishes bind,
 Their studies, pleasures, tastes the same.

This

This amiable pair, completely happy in themselves, were also feelingly alive to the felicity of others ; and were particularly pleased to see any marks of that domestic satisfaction for which they were, themselves, so justly celebrated. There were few couples, indeed, in the circle of their married friends, who could with any propriety, be placed upon a line with them : there were some, however, who seemed to deserve an equal share of admiration for their conjugal love ; and an equal share of applause for their connubial conduct.

Among these were the Vivaldis, with whom they interchanged the most friendly visits, upon the most intimate footing ; but they had not been long so happily connected before unexpected events divided them from each other. Vivaldi, one day, to his great surprise, as he had no expectation of preferment, though he was highly esteemed by those who directed the government of Florence, received orders to prepare himself to execute an important commission at a distance from his native city ; and he was the more flattered by this appointment, not less honourable than lucrative, for while it was calculated to improve his fortune, it paid the highest compliments to his talents for negotiation. The adieus between
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the Bellinis and the Vivaldis, when the separating hour arrived, were more than friendly—they were affectionate; but the latter would not have been mentioned at all in this story, had they not, by their journey from Florence, given rise to those adventures in which the former were engaged, and therefore eventually laid the foundation of them.

In a few months after his departure from Florence, Vivaldi received dispatches which occasioned his removal to Genoa, and he conformed to them with his usual alacrity; but he paid dear for his compliance with them; not that he appeared to less advantage there than he had done at other places; but he, unfortunately, fell in with some of the Noblesse, who carried licentiousness as far as it would go in every respect, and by associating too frequently with them, he not only found his fortune, but his constitution injured. By gambling he made deplorable breaches in his finances; and by drinking he brought himself into so alarming a state, that the fond, the faithful companion of his life began to be apprehensive of the most fatal consequences. Her apprehensions were but too well grounded: her feelings occasioned by them were hardly to be supported. In this unhappy state, in a place where she had

no people about her of either sex whom she could venture to call her friends, in the most eligible, in the exalted sense of the word, she naturally turned her thoughts to that city in which she was born and educated, and as naturally wished for the society of those of whose friendship, free from all interested views, she had received the strongest and most endearing proofs. Among her friends in this agreeable line the Bellinis were first in her esteem. To her amiable Violetta, therefore, Louisa wrote a very affectionate, but distressful epistle, in which she earnestly requested her, after having painted in the most forcible colours, the approaching dissolution of her dearest Camillo, to prevail on Signor Bellini to set out with her, immediately, for Genoa, as she was situated in a manner sufficient to excite pity in the most obdurate breast; surrounded by persons on whom she could have no dependence, and severely pained every hour in the day, by the hasty strides which the only man in the world for whom she herself wished to live, made to the confines of the grave. Having dispatched this epistle, (in some parts of which her tears had rendered the letters almost illegible,) she indulged herself with the rational hopes of seeing her Violetta as soon as it was in her power, if nothing had happened previous

to the receipt of it, to make her departure from Florence impracticable.

Violetta could not help weeping over that letter which had been evidently written by the pen of despondence, and sincerely sympathized with her afflicted friend, while she read the passages particularly relating to Camillo's desperate situation. Ludovico's feelings upon this melancholy occasion, were similar to his Violetta's, and he carried her wishes, in consequence of Louisa's letter, into immediate execution, by saying, "We will make preparations for our journey without delay. Grieved as I am on Camillo's account, I am doubly affected by Louisa's distress."

The latter part of this speech, as it expressed the full force of Violetta's sensations, melted her into tears; but she soon dashed them away, and discovered an enchanting eagerness to convey herself to Genoa.

At Genoa they arrived too late to see Camillo, but their arrival was of the utmost service to poor Louisa, who, in her widowed state, appeared in the most pitiable light. While they beheld her in that light, they did every thing which humanity

manity could prompt, which friendship, engendered by affection could suggest, to blunt the edge of a sorrow that was almost insupportable—to whisper peace to her distracted mind.

When Ludovico and his Violetta had happily succeeded by the exertion of their consolatory powers, they had the additional satisfaction to see their own friendly efforts strengthened by the arrival of a lady nearly related to Louisa, who had been several years very happily married to a gentleman settled at Gibraltar, from which place they were come upon a visit; and as these new friends—new to her, as she had not seen them for several years—pressed her to return with them, instead of going back to Florence, she was, at last, as her Florence friends endeavoured to encrease the weight of her Gibraltar ones, prevailed on to comply with their importunate desires, and with the more readiness, as her dear Violetta, and the amiable husband of her heart, promised to visit her as soon as the business which they had to transact, in consequence of some important intelligence from Florence, was finished.

When the business which detained the Bellinis at Genoa, after the departure of the disconsolate Louisa, was adjusted, they made haste to fulfil
their

their promise to her, and were in a few days afterwards, under sail with the most flattering prospects of an expeditious and agreeable passage: expeditious on account of the briskness of a very favourable gale, and agreeable on account of the clearness and serenity of the sky. Of their flattering prospect, however, they were in a short time deprived, not by unpropitious winds or by unpleasant weather, but by the hostile appearance of a Turkish vessel, navigated in the service of piracy, and manned by a set of desperate fellows who were at war with all mankind, and who were particularly delighted with the idea of leading Christians into captivity.

The military appearance which the crew of this vessel made, did not strike any terror into those who conducted the ship in which the Belinis were embarked; but as they were by no means prepared, either from number or weight, to oppose, with any probability of success, they surrendered on the first summons, to prevent the effusion of human blood: in the nautical language, they struck.

By this capture the pirates gained but a small booty. The chief of them, however, the moment he cast his eyes on Violetta, regarded her

as

as a jewel, fit for the turban of the Grand Seignior himself, and animated by this idea, determined to pave the way for a favourable reception at Constantinople, by the introduction of his beautiful prisoner into the Seraglio.—With swelling sails and swelling expectations, he returned to the port from which he had sailed, with his prize; and by taking the properest measures he could think of for the attainment of his ends, he arrived at the accomplishment of his desires, soon after his arrival at the metropolis of the Turkish empire.

Amurath, commonly called the amorous, who at that time wore the Turkish diadem, and in whose eyes female beauty was irresistible, received the present which Abdullah had brought for him, with all the raptures of a voluptuous monarch; and not only largely rewarded him for the angelic creature he had put into his possession, but freely pardoned him for all the depredations he had committed upon the sea, without deeming himself accountable to the Porte for his piratical proceedings.

Here, perhaps, and not without reason, the readers of this narrative will enquire after the affectionate, the steady husband of Violetta: they will naturally ask in what manner he was disposed

posed of, when she was conveyed to the capital of the Ottoman empire. As the separation of a husband from a wife, (the fondest husband from the fondest wife) especially as they were both Christians, could be no object in the eyes of an Infidel, who subsisted upon the irregular harvest he made by his naval and unlicenced acquisitions Bellini was, without any ceremony, sold for a slave, and conducted by his new master to a considerable distance from the spot on which he had purchased him. There, though he abhorred duplicity, he did not think he should be guilty of a very immoral action by having recourse to dissimulation, in order to relieve himself from a condition, which was doubly painful to him, as he was divided from all he held dear in this world, from his truly beloved, his tenderest Violetta, to whom it is now time to return.

The reception which Violetta met with from Amurath, on her being presented to him, would have flattered many married women, who, possessed of all her beauty, had no ideas of conjugal honour, no sensations of conjugal love to strengthen their conjugal fidelity: but she, not less attached to her Ludovico, from principle than from passion, was neither delighted by the inflated encomiums he lavished on her personal charms, nor
seduced

seduced by the brilliant distinctions which were destined for her, in the true spirit of munificence. She rejected his offers to make her his Sultana; to crown her with flowers, and to invest her with all the prerogatives of a wife—and all for love—connubial love. Firmly devoted to the man to whom she was first united, by the strongest ties, and who had taken fast hold of her grateful heart, by a series of generous actions which sufficiently evinced the ardour of his affection, the purity of his friendship, and the sincerity of his esteem; she was not ashamed to own herself his wife, nor afraid to declare that her conjugal vows should never be infringed.

Amurath, not a little piqued by the refusals which he little expected, imagining that he had not only exhibited an irresistible temptation to female vanity and female pride, but that he had made a considerable deviation from the dignity of a Sultan, by soliciting the hand of a slave, dismissed her with a disdainful air, and accompanied that dismissal with a mandate, by which he informed her, that he should in a few hours, visit her in order to claim a full submission to his will, without deeming it necessary to pay any regard to those vows which were, in her opinion, binding enough to exclude her from a throne.

With

With this sentence of dismissal Violetta retired with decency, after having heard the mandate with which it was accompanied, without dread. She retired to the apartment allotted her, guarded by proper officers belonging to the Seraglio, and employed her time in striking out expedients to preserve herself from violation, till she could either prevail on the Sultan to postpone the indulgence of his voluptuousness, or find out some methods to elude the execution of his licentious designs by a removal from her prison—for in that light she considered the apartment which she occupied. To gain these important points she too had now recourse to hypocrisy, imagining, that the concealment of her plans was the most likely way to render them successful. Agreeably to this mode of acting, she received Amurath, on her second interview with him, in a manner which charmed him to such a degree, that he began to repent of the harshness with which he had dismissed her, even condescended to apologize for the sternness of his behaviour. His eyes and his heart were both softened by love, and he approached her, like the most enraptured votary of Venus, in order to feast upon her beauties, with all the ecstatic joy of a disciple of Mahomet. Had she been of the same inflammable disposition, she would have, certainly, forgotten all her con-
jugal

jugal protestations, and received his transports with reciprocal delight. But Violetta had been cast in another mould: she was chaste as “ unfun-
 nished snow; chaste as the icicle that hangs on
 Diana’s temple.” At the very moment therefore,
 that she allured him by the lustre of her charms,
 she checked him by the dignity in her manner;
 and when she found that he, recovering from his
 awe-struck situation, began to be powerfully
 moved by the spirit of sensuality, she contrived
 to amuse him in so sentimental a style, that all
 the voluptuary died away in his bosom, and she
 had the satisfaction to see him retire from her, re-
 vering that virtue which he came, in the character
 of a royal libertine, to destroy.

His virtuous impressions, however, not being
 very deep, Amurath soon felt himself under the
 direction of his old propensities, and whenever he
 was actuated by them, he repaired to the apart-
 ments of his new charmer, who, fortunately, from
 the fertility of her invention, had the art of
 “ talking him from his purpose,” from day to day,
 and began to conceive hopes that she might in
 time bring him even to release her from her cap-
 tivity: yet when such flattering ideas rolled in
 her mind, she often corrected herself, saying,
 “ To what purpose should I wish for my liberty

in a state of separation from the only man in the world who can make liberty a blessing to me? Were I in a state of unlimited freedom at this very instant I could not be happy without my dearest Ludovico.

While she was, one day, reasoning with herself in this manner, one of her female attendants in her interest, put a letter into her hand with a secrecy which sufficiently informed her that its contents were of importance to her. She opened it with precipitation—she read it with pleasure, with rapture—for it came from her lord, her husband, her Ludovico, who having made his escape from his master, had, after many fruitless enquiries, discovered the spot which contained his matchless Violetta, and had found means, properly disguised, to bribe one of the officers belonging to the Seraglio, (who seemed the most ready to favour his designs) to deliver a letter to her.

In consequence of the animating contents of her unexpected epistle, Violetta, with her trusty servant, set out at the appointed hour, to meet her Ludovico at the appointed place. They met; and their interview was not to be described: but while they were exchanging their souls, overflowing
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ing with the felicity of the moment, they were suddenly interrupted by the intrusion of a couple of eunuchs, who, dragging them from their endearments, conveyed them both to the Sultan. Amurath, as soon they appeared before him, reproached Violetta in the keenest terms, for preferring the embraces of a Christian slave to his, and then told him, in similar language, that he would immediately sacrifice him to his resentment.

Ludovico, undaunted by this menace, replied, that he was not afraid to die; that he was not afraid of any mode of death which he could think of in the plenitude of his wrath; adding, that he was prepared to lay down his own life for the preservation of her's, on whose account he had ventured within the walls of his Seraglio.

“ She shall die too,” cried Amurath, with impetuous accents, “ She shall die a thousand deaths.”

Struck with his threats, tremendously articulated, Ludovico now fell prostrate at the feet of the furious Sultan, and implored him to recal his last words.—“ Behold her beauty, “ said he, casting his petitioning eyes towards Violetta. “ Can
you

you doom that graceful form to death? Cannot that lovely face, cannot those streaming tears, move you to"—He was going to add, "compassion," but he had no occasion. Amurath having fixed his eyes upon Violetta, at that instant, and feeling a sudden fit of tenderness come over him, stopped him short. "No she shall not die: but thou shalt be punished in the most exemplary manner, for having dared to attempt the seduction of such an angel, and for the arrogance of thy behaviour on being detected, Away with him." Here Violetta, who stood by the Sultan bathed in tears looking down to the prostrate suppliant before him, full of pity, full of affection, could not help exclaiming, "O mighty Sultan! let not thy cruel sentence be carried into execution. The man against whom thy anger is levelled is my—husband. We were united by the strongest ties, and knew not the pangs of separation, till one of thy lawless subjects, by making us his prisoners, divided us in a way the most mortifying to, and deeply lamented by us both. Thou hast received forcible proofs of my fidelity to him, and from the high opinion I have of his conjugal faith I cannot entertain the slightest doubt of his fidelity to me. Illustrious as thou art by the brilliancy of thy station, thou hast it now in thy power to shine with redoubled splendor, by restoring us to freedom,

dom, and thou mayest be assured, that we shall never cease to bless the hand by whom that freedom was conferred. But if one of us must die to glut thy revenge, let me be the victim. Save, O save my love, my lord, my husband!"

As this speech was pronounced with all the strength of emphasis, and all the graces of elocution, Amurath, who had listened with the utmost attention to the delivery of it, was moved by the sentiments which it contained—melted by the pathos with which it was articulated.—After a short pause, during which he appeared to be greatly agitated, he said, in a softened tone, "Fair Christian, thou hast conquered! thy conjugal virtue stamps excellence upon thy character, and thou deservest all that happiness for which thou hast so pathetically pleaded. I restore thee to thy husband's arms. Live both bright patterns to those who are united by the same ties; but whenever ye think of the man to whom ye are indebted for the restoration of your felicity, remember what a sacrifice to self-denial has been made in order to promote your happiness."

In consequence of this speech, which did no small honour to the magnificent speaker, Ludovico and Violetta were permitted to act, in every respect,

respect, agreeably to their wishes. Soon after this permission they returned to Florence without any more separations; the recollection of their past distresses frequently served to give new spirits to the uninterrupted series of domestic delights which succeeded them; and they often remembered, with gratitude, the man to whom they were indebted for the restoration of their felicity.

BON MOT OF MR. QUIN.

A Young fellow, who fancied himself possessed of talents sufficient to cut a figure on the stage in comedy, offered himself to the manager of Covent-Garden theatre, who desired him to give a specimen of his abilities before Mr. Quin. After he had rehearsed a speech or two, in a wretched manner, Quin asked him, with a contemptuous sneer, whether he had ever done any part in tragedy. The young fellow answered, that he had done the part of Abel in the Alchymist. "You mistake, boy," replied Quin, "it was the part of Cain you acted, for I am sure you murdered Abel."

POPE.

P O P E.

“ **A**S Mr. POPE,” says Richardson, “ and myself were one day considering the works of St. Evremond, he asked me how I liked that way of writing in which prose and verse were mixed together. I said, I liked it well, for that off-hand occasional productions. Why,” replied he, “ I have some thoughts of turning out some sketches I have by me of various accidents and reflections in this manner.” Pope, like many other affectedly delicate persons, professed to be fond of certain dishes merely on account of their rarity. A Nobleman, a friend of his, who wished to correct this disgusting failing in him, made his cook dress up a rabbit, trussed up as a foreign bird, to which he gave some fine name, and seasoned it with something extremely flavory. The bard ate of it very heartily, and expressed his relish of the taste of the supposed dainty; and was not a little displeased, when his friend told him the trick he had put upon him.

CATHARINE I. EMPRESS OF RUSSIA,

AND

WIFE OF PETER THE GREAT.

CATHARINE was the natural daughter of a country girl, and was born at Ringin, a small village near Dorpt, in Livonia. According to her own account she was born April 5, 1689. Count Rozin, a Swedish Lieutenant-Colonel, owned the village, and, according to the custom of the country, supported both the mother and the child. When three years old, she lost her mother, and also Count Rozin, on which the parish clerk took her into his house. Soon after Gluck, the Lutheran Minister of Marienburgh, took her, and employed her in attending his children.—Wurmb says she was a pattern of virtue, which contradicts the report that she had been a common woman in Livonia. In 1701, in the 13th year of her age, (others say in the 18th) she espoused a Swedish dragoon, who was with her but a few days at most. When Bauer, the Russian General, took Marienburgh, he was smitten with her youth and beauty, and took her to superintend his house. She was supposed to be his mistress.

mistress. Soon after Prince Menzikof was struck with her attractions; he took her into his family, and she lived with him until 1704. In her 17th year she became mistress of Peter the Great; he first saw her as she was carrying some dishes through Menzikof's hall; and at the close of the entertainment, when he and the company were intoxicated, she was recommended to him; and won so much upon his affections, that he espoused her the 29th of May, 1711, at Jewerof, in Poland, in presence of General Bruce, and on the 20th of February, 1712, the marriage was publicly solemnized, with great pomp, at Petersburg.

Her influence continued undiminished until a short time before the death of that Emperor, when some circumstances happened which occasioned such a coolness between them, as would probably have ended in a total rupture, if his death had not fortunately intervened. The original cause of this misunderstanding arose from the following discovery of a secret connection between Catharine and her first Chamberlain, whose name was Mons. The Emperor, who was suspicious of this connection, quitted Petersburg under pretence of removing to a villa for a few days, but privately returned to his winter palace in the capital. From thence he occasionally sent one of his confi-

dential pages with a complimentary message to the Empress, as if he had been in the country, and with secret orders to observe her motions. From the page's information, the Emperor, on the third night surprised Catharine in an arbour of the garden with her favourite Mons ; while his sister Madam Balke, who was first Lady of the Bed-chamber to the Empress, was in company with a page, upon the watch without the arbour.

Peter, whose violent temper was inflamed by this discovery, struck Catharine with his cane, as well as the page who endeavoured to prevent him from entering the arbour, and then retired without uttering a single word either to Mons or his sister. A few days after this transaction, these persons were taken into custody, and Mons was carried to the winter palace, where no one had admission to him but Peter, who himself brought his provisions. A report was at the same time circulated, that they were imprisoned for having received bribes, and making their influence over the Empress subservient to their own mercenary views. Mons being examined by Peter, in the presence of Major-General Ushakof, and threatened with torture, confessed the corruption which was laid to his charge. He was beheaded ; his sister received five strokes of the knout, and was banished
into

into Siberia ; two of her sons, who were Chamberlains, were also degraded, and sent as common soldiers among the Russian troops in Persia. On the day subsequent to the execution of the sentence, Peter conveyed Catharine in an open carriage under the gallows, to which was nailed the head of Mons: the Empress, without changing colour at this dreadful sight, exclaimed, “ What a pity it is, that there is so much corruption among courtiers !”

This event happened in the latter end of the year 1724, and as it was soon followed by Peter's death, and as Catharine, upon her accession, recalled Madam Balke, is has been suspected that she shortened the days of her husband by poison. But, notwithstanding the critical situation for Catharine in which he died, and her subsequent elevation, yet this charge is totally destitute of the least shadow of proof ; for the circumstances of Peter's disorder were too well known, and the peculiar symptoms of his last illness, sufficiently account for his death, without the necessity of recurring to poison.

AN HEROIC ARCHBISHOP.

THE Dutch, in the year 1624, sent a squadron of ships of force which sailed to the Bay of All Saints, where they no sooner arrived than discovering the consternation of the inhabitants, they landed, and with little difficulty made themselves masters of St. Salvador, the capital of Brazil. Don Diego de Mendoza, the Portuguese Governor, not having courage to defend the place, fled; but Michael Texeira, the Archbishop, who was of one of the best families in Portugal, notwithstanding his being in years, summoned all the Clergy and Monks about him, and representing the necessity they were under of laying aside their clerical function, prevailed on them to take up arms; and though deserted by the Governor, the soldiers, and the inhabitants, they for some time made a very gallant defence, and at last retreated to a neighbouring town, where, after acting the part of soldiers, they turned pioneers; and, under the conduct of the Archbishop, fortified the place, and gave the enemy as much trouble as if they had been the most regular troops. By taking this town the Dutch not only acquired immense plunder; but became masters of the largest and best peopled districts in the whole country,

country, and seemed in a fair way of making, in a short time, a complete conquest of the whole colony; which they would probably have done, had it not been for the heroic Archbishop, who assumed the title of Captain-General; an office which he said came to him from heaven, in the legible characters of public necessity. The news of this misfortune soon reached Portugal, when it threw the city of Lisbon, and the whole kingdom, into confusion, which was increased by the suspicions of the Nobility that the Spanish Ministry were not much displeased at this event, as it would lessen the wealth and power of the Grandees of Portugal, who had great parts of their estates in Brasil. But Philip IV. sent orders to Portugal to equip a fleet to recover St. Salvador, and at the same time wrote a letter with his own hand to the Nobility, desiring their assistance on this occasion. A fleet was soon prepared of near forty sail, with land forces.

The Dutch being in possession of St. Salvador, and the adjacent country, began very rashly to extend themselves on every side, either from a contempt of the Portuguese, or an insatiate thirst of plunder. The heroic Archbishop, however,
soon

soon convinced them of their mistake ; he had now assembled 1500 men, and with those not only cut off most of their parties, but at last, forcing them to take shelter in the town, blocked them up, and reduced them to great distress ; which he had no sooner done, than he resigned his command, declaring that his own commission expired with that necessity which had forced him to take it up. Things were in this situation when the united fleets of Spain and Portugal arrived in the Bay of All Saints. The Commander, Don Emanuel de Menessez, immediately landed 4000 men, and joined the army before St. Salvador. The Dutch Governor was, however, resolved to defend it to the last extremity ; but the garrison mutinying, forced him to surrender ; so the Spanish and Portuguese Commanders, with their fleets, rode in triumph. And the worthy Archbishop received the thanks of his King and Country for his signal services.

The PERFECTION of HAPPINESS consists in RESIGNATION to PROVIDENCE, and the LOVE of GOD and MAN.

SEE the whole blifs Heav'n could on all bestow !
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks
can know ;

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss ; the good untaught will find ;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,

But look thro' nature up to nature's God :
Pursues that chain which links th' immense design ;

Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine ;
Sees that no being any blifs can know,

But touches some above and some below ;
Learns, from this union of the rising whole,

The first last purpose of the human soul ;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,

All end in Love of God and Love of Man.
For him, alone, hopes lead from goal to goal,

And opens still, and opens on his soul ;
'Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,

It pours the blifs that fills up all the mind.
He sees why nature plants in man alone

Hope of known blifs, and faith in blifs unknown :
(Nature,

(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find,)
 Wife is her present; she connects in this
 His greatest virtue with his greatest blifs;
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.
 Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
 Is this too little for thy boundless heart?
 Extend it; let thy enemies have part:
 Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense,
 In one close system of benevolence:
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
 And height of blifs, but height of charity.
 God loves from whole to parts; but common soul
 Must rise from individual to the whole.
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
 The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads;
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
 His country next, and next all human race;
 Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
 Take ev'ry creature, and in ev'ry kind;
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest'd,
 And Heav'n behold its image in his breast.

REFLECTIONS

ON

THE DECLINE OF FILIAL PIETY IN ENGLAND.

GRATITUDE is a quality of so bewitching a nature, that we generally look upon it as a complication of all the virtues, and suppose that no man can be destitute of any other, who is happily in possession of this; yet amiable so ever as it is universally considered, perhaps there is no excellence in the catalogue so little studied, or for which in general we entertain so unaccountable a contempt.

In former ages, an attention to the dictates of gratitude was reckoned an indispensable part of our duty, and nothing was looked upon in a more detestable light than an insensibility of favours, or an unworthy return where we had been in the least obliged; one particular species of gratitude was held inviolably sacred, and the Romans were so religiously punctual in the performance of it, that they put the offender's life in the power of his benefactor, wherever they saw it transgressed.

The instance where the Romans punished the want of gratitude with such severity, was the breach or neglect of that tenderness and affection which was indispensibly due to a father from a son. That sensible people judiciously considered, that if a man could behave with ingratitude to a parent that had endued him with no less a blessing than his very existence, he must be dead to every sense of obligations from any other quarter; and fancied, that a person capable of bursting through the most sacred ordinances of nature, was capable of bursting through the most sacred of society too; from this principle, in the early ages of this celebrated republic, a father was invested with an absolute authority over the lives of his children; and he that was not a good son, was universally looked upon as a bad member of society.

Though we are perhaps the only nation in Europe who retain any part of the Roman freedom, yet perhaps we are the only one which does not retain a glimmer of its exalted sentiments in this respect; for with us, so small a portion of gratitude as we still continue to keep up, a parent is the only person in the world to whom we think it utterly unnecessary to be shewn; as if he who is entitled to the greatest share, should be the only
one

one denied a mark of it all.—Nay, to so preposterous a length is the general opinion hurried away in this point, that a man who lends us a single guinea to riot in excess and sensuality, shall receive much greater instances of our gratitude, than an indulgent parent who toils during a whole life for our welfare, and makes a comfortable establishment for us and our posterity.

It is a received notion among the generality of people, that a son is no way obliged to his father for any tokens of affection which he may receive, because the old gentleman finds a particular satisfaction in providing for his happiness, and is sufficiently repaid if he sees his solicitude attended with the desired effects.—Alas! what sentiments are we to entertain of people who reason in any manner like this? Does it follow, that because a parent finds a pleasure in the performance of his duty, that a son should think himself exempted from the necessary prosecution of his? The very pleasure which is here pleaded as a sufficient reward for the affection of the father, is to the last degree an aggravation of ingratitude in the son, and instead of palliating the breach of his filial affection, leaves him without a possibility of excuse; for surely those who take a pleasure in the
pro-

promotion of our happiness must be doubly entitled to our gratitude, and we ought to feel a glow of veneration arising from a consciousness of their motives, as much as from the actual benefits themselves.

For my own part, I am perfectly of opinion with the primitive Romans, that an ungrateful son can never make a good man, the ties subsisting between father and child are of a nature so inconceivably delicate, that he, who is capable of bursting them asunder, is incapable of being bound either by gratitude or honour to any body else.—It is incredible to think the numberless hours of anxiety a parent must endure before he can rear a son to maturity.—It is incredible to think after he has even brought him to years of discretion, how unceasingly solicitous he is lest some unforeseen calamity should blast the harvest of his happiness, and cut him unrelentingly off: and what does a parent require for all this? What does he demand for the gifts of life, education, and fortune, which he has so liberally bestowed; but that the son will pay a little attention to his own interest, and treat the hand to which he is so eminently obliged, with tenderness and respect.?

From

From the foregoing cursory reflections, if filial ingratitude should of all other crimes appear the most odious, let me address myself to the bosoms of our youth, and for their own sakes, request they will immediately shake it off; lest in their own old age, providence might be pleased to make them know, in the emphatic language of the poet :

—How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a disobedient child.

FALLACIOUSNESS *of that* GENEROSITY *and*
FRIENDSHIP *which are supposed to reside in the*
SOCIETY *of* MEN *of* PLEASURE *and* DISSIPATION.

CHARACTER AND STORY OF FLAVILLUS.

AMONG the apologies for irregularity and dissipation, none are of more pernicious tendency than those which are drawn from the good qualities with which that irregularity and dissipation are supposed to be generally accompanied. The warmth and openness of noble minds,

minds, it is said, are apt to lead them into extravagancies which the cold and the unfeeling can easily criticise, and may plausibly condemn. But in the same minds reside the virtues of magnanimity, disinterestedness, benevolence, and friendship, in a degree to which the tame and the selfish, who boast of the prudence and propriety of their conduct, can never aspire. The first resemble a luxuriant tree, which, amidst its wild and wandering shoots, is yet productive of the richest fruit; the others, like a dry and barren stock, put forth a few regular but stunted branches, which require no pruning indeed, but from which no profit is to be reaped.

It might be worth while to enquire into the justice of this account, to the truth of which the young and the gay are apt implicitly to assent; but the young and the gay have too much vivacity to reason, and as little inclination as leisure for enquiry: yet some of them who knew Flavillus, may listen for a moment while I tell them his story. 'Tis the last time they will be troubled with his name, or his misfortune!

Flavillus was the heir of an estate which was once reckoned very considerable. It descended to him burdened with a good deal of debt, and
with

with a variety of incumbrances; but still Flavillus was held to have succeeded to a great possession, his nominal rent roll being a large one. At an early period of life, he entered into the army; but he soon quitted a profession where, in point of wealth, the prospects were not alluring; and where, in point of station, he had not patience to wait for the usual steps of advancement. Flavillus, both while he was in the army, and after he quitted it, was accounted one of the most agreeable and most accomplished men that was any where to be met with. Nor was this reputation undeserved. Having had a complete university education, he had all the learning of a philosopher, without any of that pedantry which often attends it; and having mixed a good deal in the world, he had all the ease of a man of fashion, without any of that flippancy which mere men of fashion are apt to acquire. Flavillus, from those qualities, became the darling of society: his company was universally courted; and it was considered as a high recommendation to any party of pleasure, that he was to be one of the number. Possessed of an indolence which unfitted him for business, having quitted the army, the only profession he ever had the least inclination to cultivate, and too negligent to think of retrieving the incumbrances on his estate by œconomy

mony and schemes of prudence, Flavillus gave himself completely up to the pleasure of society, and allowed himself to be captivated by the popularity which his manners secured him, and by the general good-will with which he was constantly received.

It is easy to conjecture the effects of such a course of life on the circumstances of Flavillus. The debts and incumbrances on his estate were allowed to remain, and the expence he was led into added much to their amount. At first Flavillus felt a good deal of uneasiness on this ground ; he made some feeble efforts to retrench his expence, and to mix less in expensive society ; to dress more plainly, to give up public places, to go no more to taverns, to lose no more money at play. But these better resolutions sunk under his love of pleasure, and his temptations to habitual indulgence. He became, at length, afraid to think of his circumstances, and the very despair which that occasioned made him plunge more deeply into dissipation. Painfully conscious as he was of much mispent time and mispent fortune, he durst not look into the account of either. The deeper, however, he plunged into dissipation, the sonder of him did his companions become. The circle of his acquaintance indeed came to be in
some

some measure changed. At an early period of his life, his company was select; at a later period he became less nice about his friends; but still Flavillus was accounted one of the finest fellows in the world. His bottle companions were ever loud in his praise; at the midnight riot his name was never mentioned without the highest panegyric, without the warmest professions of friendship, confirmed by the most sacred oaths, and accompanied with the most endearing expressions of delight. Amidst the vociferations of merriment, and the jollity of debauch, to have listened to the sounds which then were uttered, one would have thought that the Goddess of Friendship herself had descended upon earth, and was animating the voices of the companions of Flavillus.

With all this, Flavillus was far from being happy. Superior to the companions he now lived with, he could not always avoid reflecting on the nothingness of his situation; and though he was afraid to think upon it, he could not help at times foreseeing that the means of his extravagance must draw to a close. His spirit on some occasions rose within him, and he formed unavailing plans to retrieve his situation, and act worthy of himself; but he had proceeded too far to

be able easily to retract ; he had sunk in his own esteem, and what was worse, was accustomed to feel that he had done so. In this state he remained for some time, the voice of reason and of right becoming more and more feeble, and the influence of present gratification strengthening with every fresh indulgence.

Matters, however, at length came to a crisis. Upon applying to his man of business, who had, without effect, made repeated remonstrances against his expensive course of life, he was told that there was no more money to be had ; that his creditors, who had all ready had much patience, were now become too clamorous to be any longer flattered or amused ; in short, he was informed in plain language, that without discharging his debts a jail must be the consequence.

Flavillus's mind was no longer what it had been. At a former period, had he foreseen such an event, it is hard to say what would have been the consequence. Now he stooped to the misery of his situation. The very night before he received this decisive intelligence he had been engaged in a debauch, which lasted from dinner till morning ; he had parted with his companions amidst the loudest acclamations of social joy and social affection ;

fection ; the next night they had resolved to repeat their blifs, and reiterate their enjoyment. At this second meeting Flavillus ventured to mention his ffituation. I will fpare my readers an account of the mortifying indifference with which his fstory was received. 'Twere indeed but to repeat what has always happened, and has often been told. Flavillus found that from thofe friends whom he had frequently heard boast of the warmth and generofity of their fouls, when compared with the meaner and colder minds of the dull, the plodding, and the fober ; from thofe men with whom he ufed to fet the table in a roar, with whom he had a thoufand times come under the moft facred bonds of attachment, and who had a thoufand times fworn they could not live without him ; from all of them was he obliged to receive, in different terms, the fame mortifying reply, that they could not afford him the fmalleft relief or affiftance.

A gentleman, whom I fhall here call Marcus, who had known Flavillus in his younger days, who knew his good qualities, his accomplifhments, fo worthy of a better fate, who had often mourned over him, but who, from indignation at the diflipated courfe he had followed, had avoided his company, heard accidentally of this
incident

incident in his life. In the most delicate manner in the world, without his so much as knowing from whom the relief came, Flavillus was relieved, and, by this gentleman's bounty, was freed from the impending horrors of a jail.

But Flavillus, though ruined by dissipation, had not yet fully attained either its apathy or its meanness. The generosity of Marcus, though it relieved his present distress, shewed him at once the station he had lost, and that to which he was reduced. His body, which his former course of life had enfeebled, was too weak to support the agitation of his mind. He retired to a little country village, where he might equally avoid the neglect of those companions by whom his former follies had been shared, and the reproach or the pity of those by whom he had been censured or shunned. Here he lived on a small pension which the same benevolent interposition procured him, till a lingering nervous disorder put a period to his sufferings. 'Twas but a few weeks ago I assisted at his funeral. There I saw one or two of his former associates, who had taken the trouble to attend, who, after a few inquiries after the cause of his death, and a few common place regrets, that so agreeable and good hearted a fellow should have been so unfortunate,

fortunate, made an appointment for a supper in the evening. Marcus put a plain stone over his grave. I never look on it without the mortifying reflection, with how many virtues it might have been inscribed ! without lamenting that so excellent natural abilities as those of Flavillus, so much improved by education, and so susceptible of farther improvement, should have been lost to every worthy and valuable purpose ; lost in a course of frivolous or criminal dissipation, amidst companions without attachment to friendship, amidst pleasures that afforded so little real happiness or enjoyment.

TO CONTENT.

I.

O ! Heaven descended sweet Content,
 Give me to share thy lasting joys !
 For all the blessings heaven has sent,
 Without thy charms the bosom cloy.

II.

Gold proves a load, and honours vain,
 Soft pleasure in a moment flies ;
 New objects spring to cause us pain,
 And all is woe beneath the skies :

Unsettled

III.

Unsettled mortals, weak and blind,
Repine at God's all perfect plan ;
And weigh the works he has design'd,
By the weak scale of erring man.

IV.

But all who own just reason's sway,
Have funds of pleasure in their breast ;
Tho' others rise more great than they,
Content can make them truly blest.

V.

It flies the circle of a crown,
And high ambition's lofty dame ;
It slumbers not on beds of down,
Nor in the cloister's fullen gloom.

VI.

The hero seeks it thro' the field,
Where death and mingl'd horrors reign ;
But farther off it is beheld,
When slaughter strews the bloody plain.

VII.

When own'd the son of Lybian Jove ;
And crown'd with spoils of India won,
No joys could Alexander prove,
But wept because his wars were done.

And

VIII.

And he who since, with victor hand,
From India's genius tore the crown,
And brought new laurels to his land,
To deck the shrine of high renown.

IX.

Sweet peace no more illumes his breast,
Pale horrors shake his troubled soul ;
Revenge uprears her dreadful crest,
And round his couch the furies howl.

X.

Th' ambitious soul whose soaring pride,
To power's high pinnacle aspires ;
Who bids bright fame his chariot guide,
And reach the goal of his desires ;

XI.

Content with him no league can hold,
Her fordid friendship he disdains ;
He strives like Lucifer of old,
Regardless of his bosom pains :

XII.

The miser hugs his shining store,
The thief that robs his soul of rest ;
He counts it and still sighs for more,
And lives despis'd and dies unblest.

That

XIII.

That man whose only god is gain,
 Must never hope sweet peace to find ;
 His days will pass in care and pain,
 And sharp despair oppresses his mind.

XIV.

The libertine through every maze
 Of lawless pleasure freely roves ;
 Where Bacchus his wild power displays,
 Or in soft scenes of guilty loves.

XV.

But oh ! how soon the vision flies,
 And harlot-pleasure stands confest ;
 A painted cheat in fair disguise,
 To tempt the weak unguarded breast.

XVI.

The lover thinks his Delia's charms
 Can give him lasting true delight ;
 But when she meets his longing arms,
 No more those beauties charm his sight.

XVII.

Possession cloy the thoughtless pair,
 Too soon their soft endearments cease ;
 Love tries no more his am'rous care,
 And with him flies domestic peace.

Th'

XVIII.

Th' aspiring poet by his song,
 Hopes to enjoy content and fame ;
 But Envy, with her ranc'rous fame,
 On ev'ry side attacks his name.

XIX.

With critics, an unfeeling train,
 The war perpetual he must wage ;
 Dull ignorance his works will stain,
 And folly tear the laurell'd page.

XX.

Tho' all the muses grace his strain,
 And fame bestow the laurel crown ;
 Neglected by the wealthy train,
 He's left to starve on vain renown.

XXI.

Thus mortals cheated by a shade,
 Fly from the real home-found good ;
 Pursue the blifs by fancy made,
 Which faster flies when fast pursu'd.

XXII.

But true content alone is found,
 Within the wise man's virtuous breast ;
 That doth its lowly wishes bound,
 And sets each jarring thought at rest.

XXIII.

On the tempestuous sea of care,
 While nobler ships are ceaseless tofs'd ;
 A gentle gale his skiff doth bear,
 Along the calm and pleasant coast.

STORY OF ROSALIE.

THE fair but unfortunate ROSALIE was the daughter of reputable, though not illustrious parents, her father being, at the time of her birth, a considerable merchant at Bourdeaux. But the misfortunes which were fated to attend her through life, seemed to commence even with her existence ; for in a few years from that æra, her father beheld the fruits of his honest industry dissipated by a succession of unavoidable losses, and became at length a bankrupt. The only consolation that remained to her afflicted parents, was this their darling daughter : when gazing on her, they forgot their sorrows, but lamented the want of riches for her sake only. Rosalie deserved their love ; she discovered so many charms both of mind and person, that Mons. Domerval, her father, willingly sacrificed the little remnant
 of

of his broken fortune to the bestowing an education on her, more suitable to her genius and merit, than to the rank which she then held in life.

Joined to her other amiable qualities, Rosalie was possessed of the most refined sensibility and delicate sentiment, which exalts the heart it warms above its fellows, and is yet, perhaps, more prejudicial than serviceable to the female sex; as the very softness it inspires contributes but to render them unsuspecting, and of course an easier prey to the arts of seduction.

Death deprived the unhappy Rosalie of both her parents before she had reached her sixteenth year. Left without friends or fortune, a maiden aunt of her mother's, who was tolerably rich, took this lovely orphan to her care.

It may not be improper here to give a slight sketch of Mademoiselle Mezirac's character.—She was one of those narrow-minded souls who are incapable of feeling for any creature but themselves; who mistake their dislike of human kind for an abhorrence of vice, and justify their spleen and ill-temper to their wretched dependants, as arising from their want of virtue. She boasted
of

of her never having loved any human being: she considered marriage as a gross attachment, and looked upon a state of celibacy as a state of perfection. Added to these perverse qualities, she was censorious, avaricious, and an outrageous bigot. Notwithstanding the hatefulness of her disposition, as she was known to be rich, she was visited by persons of the best rank in the village where she lived, and was particularly intimate with a neighbouring widow lady, of the name of Montalmant, who had a son about two years older than Rosalie. This youth soon distinguished our fair orphan, and became so assiduous in his visits to Mademoiselle Mezirac, that he never suffered his mother to go there without him.

Women are quick-sighted in love, and Rosalie soon discovered the cause of Montalmant's attention to her aunt; but for a long time their eyes only declared the mutual affection which had taken possession of their youthful hearts. At length Montalmant dared to write, and Rosalie to receive the fullest and tenderest declaration of his passion. She had now found an object on whom she could bestow that vast fund of sensibility which was treasured in her heart; she poured it all forth into her lover's bosom, while her own received, almost in the same instant, the opposite passions
of

of love and hate. Her aunt's severity, which she had hitherto borne with patience, rendered her now detestable; and she determined to deceive her, without considering that she was at the same time deceiving herself. The young people eluded the vigilance of their parents; they had many stolen interviews, and the too tender Rosalie sacrificed that honour, which she had 'till then held dearer than her life, to her fondness for the no less enamoured Montalmant.

In a few days after she had been guilty of this fatal error, she received the following billet from her lover :

“ I am compelled to obey my mother ; she has discovered all, and refuses absolutely to consent to our marriage. By her authority I am hurried from this place, and obliged to renounce my love ; nay, even my hope, as there is a match concluded for me, which must throw me into the arms of another.”

Rosalie had not power to finish this shocking adieu ; she sunk upon the earth, as if she had been blasted by lightning, and continued senseless for a considerable time. No words can describe the state of her mind, when her sorrows
and

and her senses returned together. She called upon her husband, her lover, her Montalmant! Nor could she believe that he was really fled, 'till she went to the house where his mother had resided, and was informed that the whole family had quitted it on the preceding night, without letting any person know whither they were gone.

The unhappy Rosalie, loaded with the reproaches of her own mind, abandoned by her lover, without a friend to whom she could reveal her grief, lamented in secret, and vainly thought she had reached the summit of affliction. But, alas! her present sufferings were but like the foundation from whence the superstructure of her future miseries must arise. It was not enough that she should blush in secret, or humble herself before the Almighty for her crime: public contempt and infamy awaited her; for the unhappy orphan soon perceived that she was likely to become a mother. Death was the sole resource which now seemed left; her fame was dearer to her than life, and she determined to hide her sorrows and her shame together within the silent grave. But that true friend which flies not the afflicted, but stretches forth a pitying hand to raise the wretch oppressed with crimes and sorrows, opposed the fatal purpose. Religion forbade suicide, and
stopped

stopped her trembling hand. She bowed, adored, and suffered.

If any event of Rosalie's life could be deemed fortunate, Mademoiselle Mezirac's being confined to her bed at this particular crisis was so. Rosalie was too ill to quit her's: this screened her from the prying eyes of her aunt, and every other person; and in the fullness of time she brought forth a lovely boy. Though she had not much attendance from her aunt's service during her illness, and though her chamber was retired from the rest of the family, she knew it would be impossible to conceal her infant there: at midnight, therefore, she stole softly down stairs with him in her arms, and conveyed him to a little decayed summer-house at the end of the garden, and deposited her precious charge upon some clean straw.

To this spot she retired as often as she could, unseen, to nourish and attend her helpless child. Reflection soon convinced her that he could not long remain there undiscovered. Maternal tenderness at length triumphed over the fear of shame: she went to the curate of the parish, Monsieur Fremenville, threw herself at his feet, confessed her crime, and implored his protection
for

for the innocent effect of her's and Motalmant's guilt.

This good, this pious man, calmed her wild transports, approved her penitence, and received her child, whom he immediately put to nurse, without revealing its unhappy mother's shame. Rosalie's mind now became a little calmer ; her health returned of course, though sorrow's deepest traits were not effaced either from her heart or face. Mademoiselle Mezirac, during her illness, had, in the height of her zeal for her own recovery, devoted her niece, as her bigotry conceived, to God ; and as soon as her health was established, she communicated her pious resolution to Rosalie, and bid her prepare immediately to pass the rest of her days in a convent. In vain the devoted victim knelt, wept, and prayed before her, and as vainly assured her she had no call to that avocation. She would not even listen to her pleading, and allowed her but eight days to take her leave of the world, and all that it contained.

Rosalie again flew to her venerable friend and benefactor, again poured forth her sorrows in his humane and pious bosom. He promised her to use his utmost power of persuasion with her aunt to dissuade her from her cruel purpose. He kept
his

his promise: but the obdurate Mezirac, so far from being softened by his eloquence, flew into the most outrageous passion, both against him and her niece, and treated him with the most opprobrious language. Not content with having insulted, she resolved to injure him still farther; and wrote to the bishop of the diocese, representing him as a debauched and wicked man, who had at that time a bastard child, nursed even in the face of the whole parish, as she had heard it whispered. Mademoiselle Mezirac's affected piety had gained her so great a reputation for sanctity, that the bishop, without enquiring farther, immediately dismissed Freminville from his cure, with the most ignominious reproof.

This was, of all that she had felt, the severest wound to the generous heart of Rosalie; and setting at naught even the fear of infamy, she hastened to clear the innocence of Freminville; and prostrating herself at the bishop's feet, confessed herself the mother of the child, and avowed her obligation to the good and virtuous Freminville. The bishop was affected by the nobleness of her conduct; said he would give Freminville another cure, for his was disposed of; and also would use his authority with her aunt, to prevent Rosalie from being forced into a convent. But,

H h

alas!

alas! this gleam of hope soon vanished; the bishop had been long in a bad state of health; he was seized with a paralytic stroke in the night, and expired on the following day.

Deprived of every resource, the almost distracted Rosalie wandered into a public garden, where the people of condition in the village used to walk: it was at that time full of company; but her disturbed imagination prevented her from taking notice of any object that surrounded her, 'till chance directed her eyes to a little wooden bridge which was over a deep piece of water, the floor of which was decayed by time. At that instant she beheld the woman who nursed her child with him in her arms, crossing the bridge: a plank gave way, and they both fell in together. The feelings of a mother were not to be suppressed; she screamed aloud, *O save my child from perishing!* and rushing madly into the water, caught him in her arms, still crying out, *O my child!* All the people in the garden ran to her assistance: she was dragged out more dead than alive, and fainted the moment she was brought to land. The whole village was now in an uproar: the cause soon reached Mademoiselle Mezirac's ears; she flew amongst the rest to gaze on her now dishonoured niece, whom she found clasping her
infant

infant to her bosom, and chafing his chilled limbs. Mezirac darted towards her, and would have torn her and her child piece-meal, had she not been prevented by the humanity of the spectators. But though her hands were restrained, her tongue was free; she loaded her with the most pointed abuse, and declared that Freminville was the father of the child.

Rosalie again rising superior to her sex, nay, to herself, still pressing her infant to her heart, declared aloud her amour with Montalmant, and the humane and pious part which Freminville had acted towards her.

From that hour her aunt abandoned Rosalie to want and wretchedness; the short-lived commiseration which her extraordinary accident had occasioned, expired with the surprise; and she had now no other means of support for herself and infant, but what she could procure from hands weakened by sorrow, and unused to labour; yet still she felt much more for the distress which she had brought on the good curate, than that which she herself most patiently endured. In about two years the iron-hearted Mezirac expired, bequeathing her whole fortune to the convent where she meant to bury her niece, refusing even to forgive her with her latest breath.

Worn

Worn out with continual sorrow, the unfortunate Rosalie fell into so languid a state of health that she was no longer able to assist in supporting herself or child. Fremenville's resources were also at an end; that good, that ministering angel, had long since parted with every thing he possessed, which could contribute to the relief of the wretched Rosalie and her lovely boy. Yet the pious father still continued to enforce that humble resignation to the dispensations of providence, that would entitle her to happiness hereafter, however, for wise ends, denied her here. His admonitions were not lost upon his penitent, she owned her chastisement was just, and only prayed for blessings on her son.

At length the hour of her release approached: the pious curate administered the last sacraments; that over, she clasped her child close to her dying bosom, bathed him with tears, and covered him with kisses. "These are the last (said she) that I shall ever give him. But thou best, most generous of friends! If you should ever learn what is become of——. Alas! I should forget him—But he is the father of my hapless orphan—If you should ever here that Montalmant lives—Why, O gracious Heaven! will not this fatal passion quit my troubled heart, while yet one quivering pulse
remains

remains to beat!"—At these words she sunk upon the pillow ; the paleness of death spread fast over her countenance. Her lovely boy, shocked at the sudden change, gave a loud cry, and sprang to catch his mother in his arms.

At this instant a young man, with the utmost precipitation, threw open the chamber door, and exclaimed, " Where is she ! Where is Mademoiselle Domerval ! " " You see her there before you, (said the priest,) she is just now expiring." " Expiring ! (said the youth,) It must not be ;" and rushing towards the bed, " O my dear Rosalie ! " was all that he could utter, and sunk down senseless by her. " O Heavens ! you are Montalmant," cried out Fremenville. This sound seemed to recal the parting spirit of Rosalie ; she opened wide her eyes, and sighed out, " 'Tis Montalmant ! " " Yes, my adorable Rosalie ! (he replied,) but O ! in what a state do I now see you.

" I die content, (said she,) having seen you. But are you married ? Is it another's husband I embrace ? " " O, no ! " he answered her quick. " Behold your son, (said she,) let him remind you of his mother's fondness." " My son ! (said he, and caught him in his arms.) My mother is

no more, (added Montalmant,) I now am free ; you are and ever were, the only object of my love. I flew with transport to repair the ills you have suffered, and offer you my hand and fortune ; my heart has ever been your own, nor shall it ever wander from you ; if you should die, the grave unites us both. But try, my love, try to recover, for this cherub's sake, for this beloved boy !" Physicians were immediately sent for, and every aid employed for Rosalie's recovery, which for some weeks remained doubtful. At length, the peace of mind which she now experienced, joined to her youth and naturally good constitution, prevailed ; and as soon as she was able to quit her bed, the worthy Freminville had the satisfaction of uniting her in marriage to the husband of her heart, and rendering them both completely happy.

Montalmant settled a handsome provision upon the preserver of his wife and child ; and Rosalie's gratitude continued undiminished to the last hour of her benefactor's life. The latter part of her own was as singularly exemplary in goodness, as the beginning had been in misfortunes.

AMBITION:

AN ALLEGORY.

PHILEMON lived in the midst of a forest, the asylum of tranquillity and peace: fretful inquietude, remorse, and grief, kept a respectful distance, nor dared to approach within his retreat: Ambition only flattered herself with hopes of being introduced.

Philemon, favoured of the gods, offered them pure victims: a lamb, and a ram, which he sacrificed by turns, attested the gratitude he felt for their unlimited goodness. The earth, submissive to his labour, produced in abundance whatever was necessary for his subsistence. He fled from cities, and never repaired thither but to exchange fruit for the grain, when he wanted to sow a field that was cultivated by his labour.

After these excursions, his cot was dearer to him than before. The ebony, gold, and ivory, destined to embellish the palaces of the great, did not display their magnificence in the habitation of our philosopher. Nature had been at the whole expence in furnishing his moveables, and had provided for his defence.

A double

A double row of trees concealed his retreat from the traveller. A clear rivulet ran murmuring to bring him its waves, and forming many meanders, lengthened his stay in this delightful place. Philemon drank of its streams; with them he watered his flowers; and from an arbour, in which he was accustomed to give loose to his reflections, traced with his eye their wandering course.

Here he enjoyed a happy life: he had no false friend, no perfidious mistress, no unfaithful servants. His heart had hitherto been undisturbed by his passions. The gods had bestowed this blessing as the recompence of his piety: but his zeal began to relax, and from the moment he perceived that his life was too uniform, he complained of his destiny.

Disquiet seized upon him: his little inclosure was open to his desires. Ambition entered into this retreat, which she had hitherto found inaccessible: and having gained the possession of his new habitation, she went in search of chimerical projects, received them into her retinue, and brought them into Philemon's cottage, who was soon infected by the contagion of their company. The offended gods withdrew their influence; he

was parched up with the thirst of riches. Ambition spurred on his desires, filled him with wishes, and engaged him to entreat the gods to be propitious to plans of fortune, little meditated, and which he had traced but in opposition to their will.

Philemon had neglected his sacrifices ; he now renewed them with more fervour than ever. The choicest of his flocks bled on the altars.

One day, in the folly of his thoughts, he besought the gods to change to a river the rivulet which watered his retreat ; and that a little boat, which he had launched into the stream, might be transformed to a ship richly laden. A clap of thunder followed his prayer : he took this for a happy omen ; and, certain that the heavens would grant his request, he boldly entered the boat, and, hastening to meet his punishment, waited in full security for the effect of his petitions. As the moment approached, in which Philemon was to have them granted, Ambition abandoned to his misfortune her credulous disciple.

The rivers swelled, the torrents poured from the tops of the neighbouring mountains, and
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there united their foaming streams. The new river no sooner appeared, than it tore up all before it. The little boat changed miraculously into a large vessel, was raised by the waters, and carried away with rapidity. However happy Philemon might fancy himself in that moment, (for the ship in which he was placed was filled with treasure) at a distance he saw with regret the ruin of that dear cottage in which he had lived for more than twenty-years, whilst all his days slid on in peace and serenity.

The river discharging itself into the sea, carried with it Philemon and his ship. Exposed on the vast ocean, and having lost sight of land, he recovered from his folly: he recollected that he had forgot to supplicate the gods, happily to conduct his vessel to some port: but it was now too late; he invoked in vain the deities who had formerly been his protectors; for he had justly merited their anger.

The sea grew enraged, its billows swelled: a horrible tempest assailed the vessel on all sides; a furious wave cast it against a rock, the ship split, and the sea swallowed up the riches it had contained.

Philemon, after having for a long time struggled against this imperious element, was cast on a desert coast; when exhausted with fatigue, before he expired he confessed himself worthy of the death he suffered, for the indiscretion of his prayers.

Let us leave the gods, the arbiters of our lot. Man, alas! is more dear to them than he is to himself. Let prudence regulate our wishes; otherwise, we shall have reason to fear we shall become, like Philemon, the victims of our rashness.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE

OF

FORTITUDE AND POLICY.

ABOUT the year of the world 3520, Zopyrus, a leading man in the Court of Darius, fearing that the siege against Babylon, which had been continued nineteen months, would at length fail, had recourse to the following stratagem: He cut off his nose and ears, covered his whole body with wounds,

wounds, and in this situation repaired to Darius ; who, amazed at his appearance, demanded from whom he had received such barbarous treatment. He said his wounds were the work of his own hands, and that his design was to expose himself to the people of Babylon, as an evidence of the tyranny of Darius ; to whom, by such conduct, he hoped to render very material service.—He went to Babylon, his wounds gave confirmation to what he said respecting Darius, and the people entertained no doubt of his steady attachments to their cause. He obtained the command of a party of troops, and led them against the Persians, whom he appeared to repulse, as the matter had been concerted with Darius. In gratitude for the imaginary service, he was appointed to the care of the walls ; and he soon after gave admittance to the army of Darius, who would not have been able to reduce the city, either by assault or famine, which now submitted to him without conditions.

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THE REMARKABLE STORY OF GIOTTO,
 AN ITALIAN PAINTER,
 AND HIS CRUCIFIX.

IT was a cruel and inhuman caprice of an Italian Painter, (I think his name was Giotto) who designed to draw a crucifix to the life, wheedled a poor man to suffer himself to be bound to the cross an hour, at the end of which he should be released again, and receive a considerable gratuity for his pains. But instead of this, as soon as he had him fast on the cross, he stabbed him dead, and then fell to drawing. He was esteemed the greatest master in all Italy at that time; and having this advantage of a dead man hanging on a cross before him, there's no question but he made a matchless piece of work on't.

As soon as he had finished his picture, he carried it to the Pope, who was astonished, as at a prodigy of art, highly extolling the exquisiteness of the features and limbs, the languishing pale deadness of the face, the unaffected sinking of the head: In a word, he had drawn to life, not only that privation of sense and motion, which
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we call death, but also the very want of the least vital symptom. This is better understood than expressed: every body knows, that it is a master-piece to represent a passion or a thought well and natural. Much greater is it to describe the total absence of these interior faculties, so as to distinguish the figure of a dead man from one that is only asleep.

Yet all this, and much more; could the Pope discern in the admirable draught which Giotto presented him! And he liked it so well, that he resolved to place it over the altar of his own chapel. Giotto told him, since he liked the copy so well, he would shew him the original, if he pleased.

What dost thou mean by the original, said the Pope? Wilt thou shew me JESUS CHRIST on the Cross in his own person? No, replied Giotto; but I'll shew your Holiness the original from whence I drew this, if you will absolve me from all punishment. The good old Father, suspecting something extraordinary from the painter's thus capitulating with him, promised on his word to pardon him; which Giotto believing, immediately told him where it was; and attending him to the place, as soon as they were entered, he drew

drew a curtain back which hung before the dead man on the cross, and told the Pope what he had done.

The Holy Father, extremely troubled at so inhuman and barbarous an action, repealed his promise, and told the painter he should surely be put to an exemplary death.

Giotto seemed resigned to the sentence pronounced unto him, and only begged leave to finish the picture before he died, which was granted him. In the mean while, a guard was set upon him to prevent his escape. As soon as the Pope had caused the picture to be delivered into his hands, he takes a brush, and dipping it into a sort of stuff he had ready for that purpose, daubs the picture all over with it, so that nothing now could be seen of the crucifix; for it was quite effaced in all outward appearance.

This made the Pope stark mad; he stamped, foamed, and raved like one in a frenzy. He swore the painter should suffer the most cruel death that could be invented, unless he drew another full as good as the former, for if but the least grace was missing, he would not pardon him; but if he would produce an exact parallel, he
should

should not only give him his life, but an ample reward in money.

The painter, as he had reason, desired it under the Pope's signet, that he might not be in danger of a second repeal; which was granted him. And then he took a wet sponge, and wiped off all the varnish he had daubed on the picture, and the crucifix appeared the same in all respects as it was before. The Pope, who looked upon this as a great secret, being ignorant of the arts which the painters use, was ravished at the strange metamorphosis; and to reward the painter's treble ingenuity, he absolved him from all his sins, and the punishment due to them; ordering moreover, his steward to cover the picture with gold, as a farther gratuity for the painter. And they say, this crucifix is the original, by which the most famous crucifixes in Europe are drawn.

BENEFICENCE.

MAN is naturally a beneficent creature. The greatest pleasure wealth can afford, is that of doing good. All men of estates are in effect

effect but trustees for the benefit of the distressed, and will be so reckoned when they are to give an account. Defer not charities till death : he that doth so, is rather liberal of another man's substance than of his own.

Reckon upon benefits well placed as a treasure that is laid up, and account thyself the richer for that which thou givest a worthy person. It is part of a charitable man's epitaph, " What I possessed, is left to others ; what I gave away, remains with me." Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good. Men of the noblest dispositions think themselves happiest when others share with them in their happiness. It is better to be of the number of those who need relief, than of those who want hearts to give it. No object is more pleasing to the eye, than the sight of a man whom you have obliged ; nor any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

THE MASTER AND SLAVE :

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

AMIDST the intoxication of his anger, Usbek
swore he would put an innocent slave to
K k death.

death. Already his murdering hand, waving over the victim a menacing scymeter, was going to besprinkle the dust with his blood: "strike, inhuman master, gratify thy fury," said the slave, bending under the destructive steel. "Thou mayest deprive me of life: use thy power; but think that, by making of me a sacrifice, avenging remorse will rob thee of the two greatest sweets of thy existence, esteem of thyself, and peace of mind."—Uzbek at length acknowledged the horror of the intended deed: "Live," replied he, "I am now sensible that happiness ends where crime begins."

ANECDOTE

OF

Gaſten, Marquis de Renty.

THIS illustrious nobleman was a soldier and a Christian, and had a peculiar felicity in reconciling the seeming opposition betwixt two different characters. He had a command in the French army, and had the misfortune to receive a challenge from a person of distinction in the same service. The Marquis returned for answer
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by the person that brought the challenge, that he was ready to convince the gentleman that he was in the wrong, and if he could not satisfy him, he was ready to ask his pardon. The other, not satisfied with this answer, insisted upon his meeting him with his sword, to which he sent this answer: "That he was resolved not to do it, since GOD and the King had forbidden it; otherwise he would have him know that all the endeavours he had used to pacify him did not proceed from any fear of him, but of ALMIGHTY GOD, and his displeasure; that he should go every day about his usual business; and if he did assault him, he would make him repent it." The angry man not able to provoke him to a duel, and meeting him one day by chance, drew his sword and attacked him, who soon wounded and disarmed both him and his second, with the assistance of a servant that attended him: but then did this truly Christian Nobleman shew the difference betwixt a brutish and Christian courage, for he led them to his tent, refreshed them with wine and cordials, caused their wounds to be dressed, and their swords to be restored to them; then dismissed them with Christian and friendly advice, and was never heard to mention the affair afterwards to his nearest friends. It was an usual saying of his, "That there was more true courage and generosity in bearing

bearing and forgiving an injury for the love of God, than in requiting it with another: in suffering rather than revenging; because the thing was much more difficult: that bulls and bears had courage enough, but it was a brutish courage; whereas our's should be such as should become reasonable creatures and Christians."

FRIENDSHIP INCOMPATIBLE WITH A DIS-
PARITY OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

INTERESTING STORY

OF

TWO JEWISH SOLDIERS.

I Know few subjects more written upon and less understood than that of friendship; to follow the dictates of some, this virtue, instead of being the assuager of pain, becomes the source of every inconvenience. Such speculatists, by expecting too much from friendship, dissolve the connection; and by drawing the bands too closely, at length break them. Almost all our romance and novel-writers are of this kind; they persuade us to friendships which we find it impossible to sustain

sustain to the last ; so that this sweetner of life under proper regulations, is by their means rendered inaccessible or uneasy.

It is certain, the best method to cultivate this virtue, is by letting it in some measure make itself. A similitude of minds or studies, and even sometimes a diversity of pursuits, will produce all the pleasures that arise from it. The current of tenderness widens as it proceeds, and two men imperceptibly find their hearts warm with good-nature for each other, when they were at first only in pursuit of mirth or relaxation. Friendship is like a debt of honour, the moment it is talked of it loses its real name, and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation.

From hence we find that those who regularly undertake to cultivate friendship, find ingratitude generally repays their endeavours. That circle of beings which dependance gathers round us is almost ever unfriendly ; they secretly wish the terms of their connection more nearly equal, and where they even have the most virtue, are prepared to reserve all their affections for their patron only in the hour of his decline. Increasing the obligations which are laid upon such minds only increases their burthen ; they feel themselves un-
able

able to repay the immensity of their debt; and their bankrupt hearts are taught a latent resentment at the hand that is stretched out with offers of service and relief.

Plautinus was a man who thought that every good was to be bought by riches, and as he was possessed of great wealth, and had a mind naturally formed for virtue, he resolved to gather a circle of the best men round him. Among the number of his dependants was Musidorus, with a mind just as fond of virtue, yet not less proud than his patron. His circumstances, however, were such as forced him to stoop to the good offices of his superior, and he saw himself daily among a number of others loaded with benefits, and protestations of friendship. These in the usual course of the world he thought it prudent to accept, but while he gave his esteem he could not give his heart. A want of affection breaks out in the most trifling instances, and Plautinus had skill enough to observe the minutest actions of the man he wished to make his friend. In these he ever found his aim disappointed, for Musidorus claimed an exchange of hearts, which Plautinus, soliciting by a variety of other claims, could never think of bestowing. It may be easily supposed that the reserve of our poor proud man was soon constrained

constrained into ingratitude, and such indeed in the common acceptation of the word, it was. Wherever Musidorus appeared, he was remarked as the *ungrateful man*; he had accepted favours it was said, and still had the insolence to pretend to independance. The event however justified his conduct. Plautinus, by misplacing liberality, at length became poor, and it was then that Musidorus first thought of making a friend of him. He flew to the man of fallen fortune with an offer of all he had; wrought under his direction with assiduity; and by uniting their talents, both were at length placed in that station of life from which one of them had formerly fallen.

To this story, taken from modern life, I shall add one more taken from a Greek writer of antiquity. Two Jewish soldiers in the times Vespasian had made many campaigns together, and a participation of danger at length bred an union of hearts. They were remarked throughout the whole army as the two friendly brothers; they felt, and fought for each other. Their friendship might have continued without interruption till death, had not the good fortune of the one alarmed the pride of the other, which was in his promotion to be a General under the famous John, who headed a particular party of the Jewish malecontents.

malecontents. From this moment their former love was converted into the most inveterate enmity. They attached themselves to opposite factions, and fought each others lives in the conflict of adverse party. In this manner they continued for more than two years, vowing mutual revenge, and animated with an unconquerable spirit of aversion. At length, however the party of the Jews, to which the mean foldier belonged, joining with the Romans, it became victorious, and drove John with all his adherents into the temple.

History has given us more than one picture of the dreadful conflagration of that superb edifice. The Roman foldiers were gathered round it; the whole temple was in flames, and thousands were seen burning alive within its circuit. It was in this situation of things that the now successful foldier saw his former friend upon the battlements of the highest tower, looking round with horror, and just ready to be consumed with flames. All his former tenderness now therefore returned; he saw the man of his bosom just going to perish; and unable to withstand the impulse, he ran spreading his arms, and crying out to his friend, to leap down from the top, and find safety with him. The friend from above heard and obeyed,
and

and casting himself from the top of the tower into his fellow foldier's arms, both fell a sacrifice on the spot ; one being crushed to death by the weight of his companion, and the other being dashed to pieces by the greatness of his fall.

THE MAGNANIMITY

OF

A ROMAN SENATOR.

WHEN Vespasian commanded a Senator to give his voice against the interest of his country, and threatened him with immediate death if he spoke on the other side, the Roman, conscious that the attempt to serve a people was in his power, though the event was ever so uncertain, answered with a smile,—“ Did I ever tell you that I was immortal?—My virtue is in my own disposal, my life in your's ; do you what you will, I shall do what I ought: and if I fall in the service of my country, I shall have more triumph in my death, than you in all your laurels.”

AN ANECDOTE

AS a prefs-gang was lately patrolling round Smithfield, London, they laid hold of a man tolerably dressed, who pleaded that being a gentleman he was not liable to be impressed. This occasioned a tolerable joke from one of the sailors, who directly answered, "Then you are the very man we want ; for we have pressed a d——d number of blackguards, and are cursedly distressed for a gentleman to teach them manners."

 THE WORLD.

THE WORLD may be thus defined ; it is a vast theatre, on which mankind are the actors ; chance composes the piece, fortune distributes the parts, the women distribute refreshment to the actors, and the unfortunate are the scene-drawers and candle-snuffers.

The world polishes more than it instructs. To be a spectator one must not be in the bustle of the
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the world, but at a certain distance; as to observe a regiment march, one must be on a line when they file off, not in the ranks.

With a little share of understanding, and a great deal of the world, a man will shine more than with a great understanding, and a little of the world:—and to acquire this custom, there must be a certain mode of carriage, without which he will never be able to cultivate acquaintance in those societies where the best company of all ranks meet.

Without a fortune, let man's merit be ever so great, he will be deprived of the means of mixing with people of fashion, of being acquainted with their manners, or assuming their style; in a word, to judge of men of a certain rank, their virtues, their vices, their follies.

Riches put a young man forward in the world early; by their means he will be able to display his talents, to excel in all manner of exercises, to learn languages, to travel; in fine, to have the necessary leisure to devote himself to whatever art or science he pleases.

But

But the men of the world exaggerate their encomiums on the *ton* diffused among them. They will confidently say, there is no taste, penetration, or wit, but in their circles. From those exclusive pretensions, they imagine themselves entitled to guess at the career of every man who appears amongst them.

The wretch who expires on a scaffold, has not been guilty of so many disorders in society as another who lives in the fashionable world. This man is a debauchee, a slanderer, a cheat;—he is possessed of every vice on which the law cannot lay hold;—he does not commit murder on the high-way; but he distills in every house the poison of an invenomed tongue, he blasts every one's reputation, he ridicules every virtue, he scatters disorder among brethren, married people and friends. When driven from one quarter, he goes to another, and carries the same spirit with him. His wickedness is the result of reflection; he makes it his study. But he can only be punished with contempt; and contempt in a great city is like the infected air they breathe;—they accustom themselves to it.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT!

AN ODE.

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH SAPPIC.

I.

WHEN the fierce north wind, with his airy
forces,
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury ;
And the red lightning, with a storm of hail comes
Rushing amain down,

II.

How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and tremble !
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters,
Quick to devour them.

III.

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
(If things eternal may be like the earthly,)
Such the dire terror when the great archangel
Shakes the Creation ;

IV.

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes ;
See the the graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around 'em.
Hark,

V.

Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,
Stare thro' their eye-lids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.

VI.

Thoughts, like old vultures, pray upon their
heart-strings,
And the smart twinges, when their eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.

VII.

Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver,
While the devils push them to the pit wide-yawning
Hideous and gloomy to receive them headlong
Down to the center.

VIII.

Stop here, my fancy: (all away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas) come, arise to JESUS,
How he sits god-like! and the saints around him
Thron'd yet adoring!

IX.

O may I sit there when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory,
While our hosannas all along the passage
Shout the REDEEMER.

THE

THE FEAR OF GOD.

THE fear of God is a necessary consequence of a view of his power. One cannot contemplate in idea the greatness of this Being, which every thing proclaims, without feeling a dread, compounded of respect and fear. One cannot know oneself surrounded with the presence of the Almighty God, without profound emotion; that is to say, without being at once amazed with the immensity of his attributes, and the meanness of our own being. We are as it were annihilated before this God, terrible and strong, notwithstanding the visible testimonies of his goodness and clemency.—This power, which nothing can resist, makes us shudder; and it is probably to be rid of this inward fear, the atheist proudly shakes off the yoke: like the children, he shuts his eyes in the presence of this open eye on nature, and thinks he is not seen.

But at the aspect of this hand that upholds worlds, this ear that is open to every sigh of the wretched, a secret dread invades the soul; then one must deny the Godhead, not to shudder before it.

Every

Every adorer will then exclaim with David, " In admiring thy works, I am made to fear thee O God !" This is not the fear of the slave or the guilty ; it is the impossibility of contemplating without fear, without astonishment, without dread, the immensity, the glory, and the power of him who created the universe.

The ancient writers bear the impression of this precious and salutary blending of fear and respect manifested in man, not only when the God of thunder displays his vengeance, but even when he signalizes his bounties. The writer's colouring breathe every sentiment of a Majesty, whose splendour he cannot bear, even in its mildest aspect.

There is, then, in the heart of man, an inseparable union of fear and respect due to the Divinity, which has raised temples, and ordained expiations all over the face of the earth. That is the universal tenet.

But is GOD really hid ? It is the blind or stupid eye that first pronounced this senseless word. The Divinity is always present around us ; we see his footsteps every where. What mark so visible, as the extent and beauty of the creation ;
than

than the spark of life which flashes every instant, or the light of reason which shines on the countenance of man!—Nothing is wanting to enlighten us, but a heart; if it has sensation, it elevates itself to the good and majestic Being that formed it. It is inflamed, it is affected, it adores, and nothing is comparable to the ecstasy this mild and sublime contemplation of the author of nature excites.

Considering him as the preserver of beings, and lavishing to each one a proportion of pleasure, the Supreme Being is still more adorable than under that of Creator: beneficence claims a greater right to our homage than grandeur.

Only think, mortal! thy head is a hundred times more wonderful than the sun: it knows not itself, and thou dost; it knows not what it is, and thou has measured it: it enlightens the universe with material fire, and thou canst aspire to a more elevated rank. The planets are absolutely blind instruments; and thou art allowed to know the springs nature uses. Thou knowest how to employ thyself; thou feelest thy independence of mind and servitude of body; thou feelest thy strength and weakness; thou knowest thy rank in the universal system.

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And

And wouldest thou not be struck with Newton's system, when he sees in each star a sun balancing the planets; when he perceives the order that proportions their motions to the distance of their centers; when the universe, thus enlarged, has discovered to them, that the mind which unravelled those sublime relations is more august and less perishable than even those suns, which, notwithstanding their pomp and splendor, are merely material, and have no idea of where they are placed.

ON CONTENTMENT AND AVARICE.

CONTENTMENT to the mind is as light to the eye; as the latter discloses every pleasing object to the intellectual powers, so does the former every agreeable idea to the soul; though it does not immediately bring riches to mankind, it does equally the same, by banishing the desire of them; if it cannot directly remove the disquietudes arising from a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them; it destroys all inordinate ambition in a state, and becomes its support against the most dangerous attacks, while
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the lust of riches, like the frequent decays of a magnificent structure, foretels its final ruin ; in man it prevents every tendency to corruption, with respect to the community in which he is placed ; it dissipates care, melancholy, and anxiety, from its possessor ; sweetens his conversation, makes him fit for society, and gives a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts. Behold that fordid animal the *gamester*, ever anxious of enriching himself, yet ever contemplating his own misery ; all his schemes are laid for the oppression of the poor, yet ever terminate in his own ruin : view him in adversity ; who pities him ? In poverty ; who honours him ? Or in any state of life ? who regards him ? *Fortune* is his goddess—*De Moivre*, his guide, and the lust of avarice edges him on to his base employments ; while the dice are rattling his heart is throbbing ; and the very next throw either plunges him into a gulph of misery, or hurries him into an unpremeditated rage of distraction ; life is a continued series of uneasiness to him ; when he walks, he treads upon briars, and his seat is a seat of thorns ; his days are days of despair, and his years years of pain ; *hope* and *fear*, those two noble faculties of the soul, cultivated in man for the sublime ends of religion, are prostituted to his villainy ; and, if ill luck succeeds, his abandoned soul sinks by his own curses ; peace
and

and tranquillity are as far banished from his mind, as honesty and fidelity from his heart ; his breast is made subservient to the tortures of suspense, and continually racked by the fiercest extremes. How miserable then must that man be, who is thus enslaved by his lucrative appetite ? Fire and sword are slow engines of destruction, compared to the havoc this fatal disturber creates in a man's body and fortune ; yet such is his disposition ; that the warmest solicitations, even from his dearest friends, cannot withhold him from his engagements with his fickle idol ; he rather treats them as his enemies, who propose so deadly a task ; friendship is bartered for self-interest, and all the powerful lust of gold mars every Christian office : how insusceptible of remorse is the gamester's breast, when he robs a distressed family of its support, or snatches the bread from the teeth of the hungry ? O thou monster of nature ! How inglorious are thy conquests ! Is the eye that sees all things blind to thy inhumanity ? Vengeance is spreading her net wide for thee, and will overtake thee in the midst of thy barbarity. O *Avarice* ! thou vilest muckworm, what wickedness dost thou create in mankind ! How art thou courted by poor, unthinking mortals, for thy deformity ! What a train of evils are under thy command ! Destruction bounds from

from every part of thee swifter than the arrow from the archer's breast, and like a base ingrate as thou art, thou sheddest unheeded bane on those that protect thee, bankruptcy to the tradesmen, and poverty to the men of affluence, are the rewards thou procurest : whether thou appearest in church or state, in city or in court, yet vice is ever attendant on thee, and the nation that harbours thee sacrifices her liberty to its pursuits, the statesman when he becomes thy votary, proves false to his country ; and every glowing passion for the public welfare is chilled in its embryo by the over-ruling power of self-interest ; *Justice* herself is staggered by thy enormities, her sword is blunted by thy outrages ; when she calls in feeble accents, for assistance, her faithless patrons are deaf to all her entreaties, till at length we see vice riding triumphant, spreading her banner as she goes, virtue and religion retiring at the appearance of it, and sad desolation, with all her gloomy attendants, advancing, at a distance, to embrace us.

HUMAN NATURE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the degeneracy and meanness that is crept into human nature, there

there is a thousand actions in which it breaks through its original corruption, and shews what it once was, and what it will be hereafter. We may consider the soul of man, as the ruin of a glorious pile of building ; where, amidst the heaps of rubbish, you meet with noble fragments of sculpture, broken pillars and obelisks, and a magnificence in confusion. Virtue and wisdom are continually employed in clearing the ruins, removing these disorderly heaps, recovering the noble piles that lie buried under them, and adjusting them as well as possible, according to their ancient symmetry and beauty. A happy education, conversation with the finest spirits, looking abroad into the works of nature, and observations upon mankind, are the greatest assistances to this necessary and glorious work. But even among those who have never had the happiness of any of these advantages, there are sometimes such exertions of the greatness that is natural to the mind of man, as shew capacities and abilities that need only those accidental helps to fetch them out, and shew them in a proper light. A plebeian soul is still the ruin of this glorious edifice, though encumbered with all its rubbish.

Discourses of religion and morality, and reflections upon human nature, are the best means we
can

can make use of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge of ourselves; and consequently to recover our souls out of the vice, ignorance, and prejudice which naturally cleave to them.

There is nothing which favours and falls in with the natural greatness and dignity of human nature, so much as religion; which does not only promise the entire refinement of the mind, but the glorifying of the body, and the immortality of both.

It is with the mind as with the will and appetites; for, as after we have tried a thousand pleasures, and turned from one enjoyment to another, we find no rest to our desires, till we at last fix them upon the Sovereign Good; so in pursuit of knowledge, we meet with no tolerable satisfaction to our minds, till after we are weary with tracing other methods, we turn them upon the one supreme and unerring truth. And were there no other use of human learning, there is this in it, that by its many defects, it brings us to a sense of our weakness, and makes us readily, and with greater willingness submit to revelation. It is according to nature to be merciful; for no man, that has not divested himself of humanity can
be

be hard-hearted to others, without feeling a pain in himself.

The wise and good will ever be loved and honoured as the glory of human nature.

PRUDENCE.

WHAT is Prudence? 'tis a blessing
 Scarcely known, so few possessing :
 'Tis the Virtues' bright attendant ;
 Nay 'tis more—'tis their defendant,—
 Heaven's best gift, wou'd females use it,
 Ne'er regain'd—if once they lose it.
 The test of judgment, taste, and sense,
 To folly only an offence.
 'Tis a virgin soft of feature,
 Form'd to please with great good-nature ;
 Cheerful—easy—young, and wise,
 Superior far to art's disguise :—
 Grave or gay—polite yet true—
 Dearest madam—just like you !

AN ALLEGORICAL HISTORY

OF

REST AND LABOUR.

IN the early ages of the world, as is well known to those who are versed in ancient traditions, when innocence was yet untainted, and simplicity unadulterated, mankind was happy in the enjoyment of continual pleasure, and constant plenty, under the protection of REST; a gentle divinity, who required of her worshippers neither altars nor sacrifices, and whose rites were only performed by prostrations upon turfs of flowers in shades of jasmine and myrtle, or by dances on the banks of rivers flowing with milk and nectar.

Under this easy government the first generations breathed the fragrance of perpetual spring; eat the fruits, which, without culture, fell ripe into their hands, and slept under bowers arched by nature, with the birds singing over their heads, and the beasts sporting about them. But by degrees they began to lose their original integrity; each, though there was more than enough for all, was desirous of appropriating part to himself. Then entered violence and fraud, and theft, and

N n

rapine.

rapine. Soon after pride and envy broke into the world, and brought with them a new standard of wealth; for men, who till then thought themselves rich when they wanted nothing, now rated their demands, not by the calls of nature, but by the plenty of others; and began to consider themselves as poor when they beheld their own possessions exceeded by those of their neighbours. Now only one could be happy, because only one could have most, and that one was always in danger, lest the same arts by which he had supplanted others should be practised upon himself.

Amidst the prevalence of this corruption, the state of the earth was changed; the year was divided into seasons; part of the ground became barren, and the rest yielded only berries, acorns, and herbs. The summer and autumn indeed furnished a coarse and inelegant sufficiency, but winter was without any relief; FAMINE, with a thousand diseases, which the inclemency of the air invited into the upper regions, made havoc among men, and there appeared to be danger lest they should be destroyed before they were reformed.

To oppose the devastations of FAMINE, who scattered the ground every where with carcases,

LABOUR

LABOUR came down upon earth. LABOUR was the son of NECESSITY, the nurseling of HOPE, and pupil of ART; he had the strength of his mother, the spirit of his nurse, and the dexterity of his governors. His face was wrinkled with the wind, and swarthy with the sun; he had the implements of husbandry in one hand, with which he turned up the earth; in the other he had the tools of architecture, and raised walls and towers at his pleasure. He called out with a rough voice, "Mortals! see here the power to whom you are consigned, and from whom you are to hope for all your pleasures, and all your safety. You have long languished under the dominion of REST, an impotent and deceitful goddess, who can neither protect nor relieve you, but resigns you to the first attacks of either FAMINE or DISEASE, and suffers her shades to be invaded by every enemy, and destroyed by every accident.

"Awake, therefore, to the call of LABOUR. I will teach you to remedy the sterility of the earth, and the severity of the sky; I will compel summer to find provisions for the winter; I will force the waters to give you their fish, the air its fowls, and the forest the beasts; I will teach you to pierce the bowels of the earth,

"and

“ and bring out from the caverns of the mountains metals which shall give strength to your hands, and security to your bodies, by which you may be covered from the assaults of the fiercest beasts, and with which you shall fell the oak, and divide the rocks, and subject all nature to your use and pleasure.”

Encouraged by this magnificent invitation, the inhabitants of the globe considered LABOUR as their only friend, and hastened to his command. He led them out to the fields and mountains, and shewed them how to open mines, to level hills, to drain marshes, and change the course of rivers. The face of things was immediately transformed ; the land was covered with towns and villages, encompassed with fields of corn, and plantations of fruit-trees ; and nothing was seen but heaps of grain, and baskets of fruit, full tables, and crowded storehouses.

Thus LABOUR and his followers added every hour new acquisitions to their conquests, and saw FAMINE gradually dispossessed of his dominions ; till at last, amidst their jollity and triumphs, they were depressed and amazed by the approach of LASSITUDE, who was known by her sunk eyes and dejected countenance. She came forward
trembling

trembling and groaning: at every groan the hearts of all those that beheld her lost their courage, their nerves slackened, their hands shook, and the instruments of labour fell from their grasp.

Shocked with this horrid phantom they reflected with regret on their easy compliance with the sollicitations of LABOUR, and began to wish again the golden hours which they remembered to have passed under the reign of REST, whom they resolved again to visit, and to whom they intended to dedicate the remaining part of their lives. REST had not left the world; they quickly found her, and to atone for their former desertion, invited her to the enjoyment of those acquisitions which LABOUR had procured them.

REST, therefore, took leave of the groves and vallies which she had hitherto inhabited, and entered into palaces, reposed herself in alcoves, and slumbered away the winter upon beds of down, and the summer in artificial grottos with cascades playing before her. There was indeed, always something wanting to complete her felicity, and she could never lull her returning fugitives to that serenity, which they knew before their engagements with LABOUR: nor was her
dominion

dominion without controul, for she was obliged to share it with LUXURY, though she always looked upon her as a false friend, by whom her influence was in reality destroyed, while it seemed to be promoted. The two soft associates, however, reigned for sometime without visible disagreement, till at last LUXURY betrayed her charge, and let in DISEASE to seize upon her worshippers. REST then flew away, and left the place to the usurpers; who employed all their arts to fortify themselves in their possession, and to strengthen the interest of each other.

REST had not always the same enemy: in some places she escaped the incursions of DISEASE; but had her residence invaded by a more slow and subtle intruder; for very frequently, when every thing was composed and quiet, when there was neither pain within, nor danger without, when every flower was in bloom, and every gale freighted with perfumes, SATIETY would enter with a languishing and repining look, and throw herself upon the couch placed and adorned for the accommodation of REST. No sooner was she seated than a general gloom spread itself on every side, the groves immediately lost their verdure, and their inhabitants desisted from their melody, the breeze sunk in sighs, and the flowers contracted their

their leaves and shut up their odours. Nothing was seen on every side but multitudes wandering about they knew not whither, in quest they knew not of what; no voice was heard but of complaints that mentioned no pain, and murmurs that could tell no misfortune.

REST had now lost her authority. Her followers again began to treat her with contempt; some of them united themselves more closely to LUXURY, who promised by her arts to drive SATIETY away; and others that were more wise, or had more fortitude, went back again to LABOUR, by whom indeed they were protected from SATIETY, but delivered up in time to LASSITUDE, and forced by her to the bowers of REST.

Thus REST and LABOUR equally perceived their reign of short duration and uncertain tenure, and their empire liable to inroads from those who were alike enemies to both. They each found their subjects unfaithful; and ready to desert them upon every opportunity. LABOUR saw the riches which he had given always carried away as an offering to REST, and REST found her votaries in every exigence flying from her to beg help of LABOUR. They, therefore, at last determined upon an interview, in which they
agreed

agreed to divide the world between them, and govern it alternately, allotting the dominion of the day to one, and that of the night to the other and promised to guard the frontiers of each other, so that whenever hostilities were attempted, SATIETY should be interrupted by LABOUR, and LASSITUDE expelled by REST. Thus the ancient quarrel was appeased, and as hatred is often succeeded by its contrary, REST afterward became pregnant by LABOUR, and was delivered of HEALTH, a benevolent goddess, who consolidated the union of her parents, and contributed to the regular vicissitudes of their reign, by dispensing her gifts to those only who shared their lives in just proportions between REST and LABOUR.

A WISE SAYING OF A BISHOP.

A BISHOP in King Charles the Second's reign; eminent for piety and good works, often made use of the following saying : *Serve God and be chearful.*—The due observance of which, he said, would preserve a person both from presumption and from despair.

ME-

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE EUGENE.

THIS great General was a man of letters : he was intended for the church, and was known at the Court of France by the name of the Abbe de la Savoie. Having made too free in a letter with some of Louis the Fourteenth's gallantries, he fled out of France and served as a volunteer in the Emperor's service in Hungary against the Turks, where he soon distinguished himself by his talents for the military art. He was presented by the Emperor with a regiment, and a few years afterwards made Commander in Chief of his armies. Louvois, the insolent War Minister of the insolent Louis XIV. had written to him to tell him that he must never think of returning to his country : his reply was, *Eugene entrera un jour en France en depit de Louvois et de Louis.*" In all his military expeditions he carried with him *Thomas à Kempis de Imitatione*. He seemed to be of the opinion of the great Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, "that a good Christian always made a good soldier." Being constantly busy, he held the passion of love very cheap, as a mere amusement, that served only to enlarge the power of women, and abridge

that of men. He used to say, "*Les amoureux sont dans la societe que ce les fanatiques sont en religion.*"

The Prince was observed to be one day very pensive, and on being asked by his favourite Aid-de-Camp on what he was meditating so deeply; "My good friend," replied he, "I am thinking that if Alexander the Great had been obliged to wait for the approbation of the Deputies of Holland before he attacked the enemy, how impossible it would have been for him to have made half the conquests that he did."

This great General lived to a good old age, and being *tam Mercario quam Marti*, "as much a Scholar as a Soldier," amused himself with making a fine collection of books, pictures, and prints, which are now in the Emperor's collection at Vienna. The celebrated Cardinal Passioni, then Nuncio at Vienna, preached his funeral sermon, from this grand and well appropriated text of scripture:

"Alexander, son of Philip the Macedonian, made many wars, took many strong holds, went through the ends of the earth, took spoils of
many

many nations: the earth was quiet before him. After these things he fell sick and perceived that he should die."—*Maccabees*.

A HUMOROUS ANECDOTE.

IN the reign of King Charles the Second, a sailor having received his pay, resorted to a house of ill-fame in Wapping, where he lay all night, and had his whole substance taken from him. In the morning he vowed revenge against the first he met with, possessed of cash; and accordingly, overtaking a gentleman in Stepney-fields, related to him his mishap, and insisted on the gentleman's making good the loss; who for some time expostulated with him concerning the atrocity of his behaviour, but to no purpose: he was resolute, and the other, through fear of worse consequences, delivered his purse, but soon after had him taken up, examined, and committed to Newgate; from whence he sent, by a sailor, the following humorous epistle to the King:

“KING CHARLES,

“One of thy subjects, the other night, robbed me of forty pounds, for which I robbed another
of

of the same sum, who inhumanly has sent me to Newgate, and swears I shall be hanged, therefore, for thy own sake, save my life, or thou wilt lose one of the best seamen in thy navy.

Thine,

JACK SKIFFTON."

His Majesty, on the receipt thereof, immediately wrote as follows :

" JACK SKIFFTON,

" For this time I'll save thee from the gallows ; but if, hereafter, thou art ever guilty of the like, I'll have thee hanged, though the best seaman in my navy.

Thine,

CHARLES REX."

A NECDOTE.

ONE Tetzcl, a Dominican, and a retailer of indulgences, had picked up a vast sum at Leipzig. A gentleman of that city, who had no veneration for such superstitions, went to Tetzcl, and asked him if he could sell him an indulgence before hand for a certain crime, which he would
not

not specify, and which he intended to commit? Tetzal said, “ Yes, provided they could agree upon the price.” The bargain was struck, the money paid, and the absolution delivered in due form. Soon after this, the gentleman knowing that Tetzal was going from Leipzig well loaded with cash, way-laid him, robbed him, and cud-gelled him; and told him at parting, that this was the crime for which he had purchased an absolution.

ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A CHURCH-YARD.

WHAT tho’ no marble here, with polish’d
pride,
Proclaims some god-like hero’s hapless end;
Who liv’d rever’d, was pitied when he died,
Of worth the stay, of innocence the friend?

II.

Beneath these humble grassy turfs may lie,
More sacred dust than splendid tombs contain;
Whose spirits rise to purest bliss on high,
Which pompous epitaphs demand in vain.

Th

III.

The truly good require no marble's aid,
 No gilded characters to mark their fame ;
 Their virtues smile at death's oblivious shade,
 For future ages still their virtues name.

IV.

Ah ! what avails it to the guilty great,
 That flatterers their monuments adorn ?
 Say not, false marble, all deplore their fate,
 When all their fleeting honours view with scorn.

V.

Say not, beneath this marble is contain'd
 A man who for his country nobly fell,
 If guiltless blood his boasted laurels stain'd,
 And widows' tears the tyrant's fury tell.

VI.

The blazing lightning and the howling blast,
 Shall strip thee of thy varnish'd tale of woe ;
 Not e'en thy form, proud monument, shall last,
 But with thy hero's ashes be laid low.

VII.

Where are the mighty conqu'rors of the world,
 At whose approach the trembling host grew pale ?
 Who at their foes resistless vengeance hurl'd,
 While loud was heard applause's thund'ring tale.
 Thou,

VIII.

Thou, lowly grave on which I now recline,
 Lament not that they are not buried here,
 No flatt'ers now would decorate their shrine,
 Nor o'er their relics drop a pitying tear.

IX.

Tho' docks and nettles now around thee spread,
 If here an *honest heart* dissolves in clay ;
 Celestial dews shall angels on thee shed,
 And bless thy turf, when sculptur'd stones decay.

X.

The painted flow'rs which grace the verdant plain,
 And streams reflecting rays of silver light ;
 Now dusky clouds and gloomy shadows stain ;
 No smiling landscape decks the robe of night.

XI.

Thus beauty fades when death his awful veil
 Around the virgin's blooming graces throw ;
 No more her charms the youth's fond heart assail,
 But all his dreams of bliss are dash'd with woe.

XII.

Sad sighs the breeze along the waving grass,
 I hear the wailings of a plaintive rill ;
 Can I my sympathetic tears suppress,
 At *Clara's* death, which now my eye-lids fill ?

Sweet

XIII.

Sweet maid, cut off as falls a lovely rose,
 Whose blushing leaves unfeeling tempest tear ;
 For thee my heart in floods of grief o'erflows ;
 On Anglia's plains no nymph appear'd more fair.

XIV.

Ye mournful gales which now around me blow,
 O waft my tears to *Clara's* distant tomb ;
 And sure the hallow'd spot ye well may know,
 For there the sweetest flow'rs of summer bloom.

XV.

Or rather let some *Seraph's* golden wing
 The crystal drops to realms of bliss convey ;
 And leave them where unfading flow'rets spring,
 To glitter on her garlands ever gay.

XVI.

There, where she walks amidst ethereal bow'rs,
 If she the pensive hanging drops shall see,
 At once she'll pluck the pity-bearing flow'rs,
 And know their weeping pendants came from
 me.

XVII.

No voice of joy invades this cheerless ground,
 But hollow rocks repeat the ocean's roar ;
 Of waves successive still I hear the sound,
 Which swell, and burst, and die along the shore.

So

XVIII.

So generations rife and fwiftly glide,
 As rifing waves the falling waves controul;
 Then learn ye noify fons of tow'ring pride,
 That foon your furgy hopes to peace muft roll.

XIX.

But fee the rofy morn begins to dawn,
 * Before her fmile the gloomy fhadows fly;
 Now chearful verdure brightens o'er the lawn,
 And foon the golden fun fhall glad the fky.

XX.

Bright emblem of that great, important day,
 When CHRIST the Sun of Righteoufnefs fhall
 fhine;
 With living beams re-animate our clay,
 And call the Faithful to his joys divine.

ANECDOTE

OF

BISHOP BONNER.

HENRY VIII. being greatly incensed againft
 Francis I. King of France, refolved to fend
 him an Ambaffador, who was inftructed to ufe
 P p haughty

haughty and threatening language to him. He chose for that purpose Bonner, Bishop of London, in whom he had an entire confidence. But the Bishop representing, that if he spoke in that manner to so high-spirited a Prince as Francis I. it might endanger his life: "Fear not," said the King; "for if the King of France should take away your life, I will cut off the heads of all the French in my power."—"True, Sire," replied Bonner, with a smile; "but I question if any of their heads would fit my shoulders as well as that I have on."

STOCK EXCHANGE ANECDOTE.

TWO country farmers lately passing the Stock Exchange, stopped to enquire what was the occasion of such a noise. The gentleman to whom these men addressed themselves, answered, that it was a Bedlam for mad merchants, who having lost their reason, imagined they were transformed into bulls and bears, and acted accordingly. Pray, Sir, says one of the countrymen, *mout we zee them?* By all means, replied the other, and conducted the farmers to the door, and desired them to walk in. But no sooner did the poor fellows put in their

their heads, than one of them said to the other, *Zoons, Davy, let uz get off—those mad-volks are all loose*; and they took to their heels as fast as their legs would carry them—and went home full of the story of the mad merchants, and their Bedlam near the 'Change.

CONSTANCY IN LOVE.

A TRUE STORY.

AT the Restoration there lived in London a merchant of great wealth, integrity, and capacity, whom we shall call Probus. He was very indulgent to Verus, a young gentleman under his direction, gave him a good education, and, as he grew up, instructed him in every branch of traffic.

Probus had an only daughter, on whom he doated; not without reason, for she seemed to deserve all the kindness Providence had designed for her. His wife died while Emilia was in her cradle; Verus was about two years older, and, from six years of age had been bred up with her.

Their

Their childish intimacy in time improved into love, which they cemented by all the forms that amorous hearts could invent.

Emilia had an aunt immensely rich, who designed her for an only son: she imparted her intentions to Probus, who determined by the future prospect of grandeur, to break through all. He sent Emilia to her aunt's country seat, and, as a guardian, commanded Verus to think of a voyage to the East Indies. Emilia, who suffered from the odious sollicitations of her aunt's son, a disagreeable booby, by letter represented her passion for Verus in such moving terms to her father, that he called her to town.

Verus, who had been sent to an uncle of his, vastly rich, in the East Indies, endeared himself so much to the old gentleman, that on his death-bed, he bequeathed him all his wealth, amounting to 40,000*l.* which he turned into money, and sailed for London. During the interval, Probus had laid out a large part of his wealth in houses, which were soon after reduced to ashes, with all his merchandize, by the great fire in 1666. This reduced him to the necessity of keeping a public-house for his bread.

Verus

Verus arrived from the Indies, and, strolling through the city, by chance put into a coffee-house, (then a new trade in London) and was served with a dish of coffee by a young woman, plain, but neatly dressed, who appeared to be his Emilia. On sight of him she fell into a swoon. Verus took her up: They gazed at each other; Probus wept, and all were silent. At last our traveller spoke thus: "Emilia is still the same to me; she is as fair, and as charming; and, while Providence leaves it in my power, as great a fortune as ever. Do not, (turning to Probus) afflict yourself, Sir: Am not I indebted to you for the care of my education, and even for all I have? Can you believe me ungrateful? No, Sir, I have many obligations that bind me to you; permit me to make all the return in my power, by uniting myself to Emilia, and placing you in the situation from which adverse fortune has reduced you." Probus assented. And Verus and Emilia were for many years examples of virtue and conjugal felicity.

ON

ON THE PLEASURE

ARISING FROM

BENEVOLENT ACTIONS.

THEY that have seen a poor orphan without father or mother, destitute and in distress, and have been a father to the fatherless, in gratitude to their common father, have tasted the sweet fruit of doing good: they that have visited and relieved the widow with the helpless innocents in affliction have partaken of it; and those that from the above principle do effectually relieve their distressed brethren in any manner, are not strangers to it: Celia, who abounds in riches, and Cottilus who lays by part of what he has earned with the labour of his hands, do both of them know the value of it.

Cottilus, hearing of a man, his wife, and five children, in great distress, (the father, by an accident, being disabled from working for support for some time,) has often relished through their mouths this fruit in great perfection. When a week had passed, and his helpless family had mourned for the absence of Cottilus, he appeared; while his fellow-servants were gone to spend their money

money at the ale-house, some to transform the image of God into that of a beast. Cottilus had pleasures of a higher nature. This family of helpless innocents wanted bread: he hastened to their assistance, not unprovided for their relief: he distributed some bread he had brought amongst them, and he tasted with rapture every morsel they swallowed, he found the father almost-recovered from his accident, though near perishing for want of necessaries: he gave him a temporary relief, and giving him hopes of more, took his leave. In his way home he was overtaken by Florio; once his fellow-apprentice, but now advanced in life far beyond him. Cottilus was decently dressed, and so not beneath the notice of Florio, who complained how greatly he was disappointed in not getting into the play-house, though he had used his utmost endeavours: that some hundreds had shared the same fate: for his part, he was determined not to carry the money home; and if Cottilus would accompany him to the tavern, he would treat him with a bottle of wine and a supper. Cottilus, full of what he had seen replied, "Would to God all those disappointed of the pleasure they desired this evening, had as great a taste for pleasure of another nature! What objects might they find, in this
time

time of general distress, ready with open arms to receive the superfluous cash they have crowded to part with, but could not gain admittance! Believe me, Sir, I am sensible of your kind invitation though I cannot accept it: give me leave to invite you, in return to the place where I have supped: the money you are determined not to carry home, will be there well laid out; and perhaps you may not greatly regret your late disappointment." They went to this family in distress, when Florio gave them a crown, their manner of receiving it affected him in such a manner, that he gave them a guinea more, and said, when wanted again, Cottilus should come to him; the Father, astonished, said, "After this instance of God's goodness, they should trust in him for ever, hoping never to be so distressed again; that a week's time would give his late perishing family to eat again of the fruit of his own industry, and Florio's generous benevolence might then find greater objects of distress." Florio expressed his great obligation to Cottilus, declaring, that he never tasted such exquisite pleasure before, and said that he would often indulge himself with the repetition of it; adding, he no longer wondered what should make Cottilus, in the situation in life he was in, to appear so perfectly happy.

Had

Had Cottilus been master of ten thousand a year, and spent it all in luxury, could he have experienced a more delicious repast? Who would not, with Cottilus, deny themselves, in some things, to taste often of such pleasant fruit!

ANECDOTE

OF

THEODORE DE SCHOMBERG.

THE day before the battle of Ivry, the German troops which Schomberg commanded, mutinied and refused to fight, if they were not paid the money due to them. Schomberg went to Henry the Fourth with this message, who answered him angrily, “How, Colonel Thische (a nick-name given to him,) is it the behaviour of a man of honour to demand money, when he should take his orders for fighting?”

The next morning, Henry, recollecting what he had said to Schomberg, went into his tent before the engagement begun, and said to him, “Colonel, this is perhaps the only opportunity I may have. I may be killed in the engagement.—

Q q

It

It is not right that I should carry away with me the honour of a brave Gentleman like you. I declare then, that I recognize you as a man of worth, and incapable of doing any thing cowardly."

Schomberg, struck with admiration and gratitude at this noble behaviour of Henry, replied to him, "Ah, Sire, in restoring me to that honour which you took away from me, you take away my life ; for I should be unworthy of it, if I did not devote it to your service. If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all at your feet."

ANECDOTE

OF

CHARLES THE FIFTH,

EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

CHARLES undertook his expedition against Algiers in opposition to the advice of Andrea Doria, who probably augured no good from it, either to the Prince, or to his kingdom. Charles, in answer to Dorea, replied, " You ought to be satisfied with a life of seventy-two years: I ought to be satisfied with having been Emperor two and twenty years: Come, then, if we must die, let us die."

AN-

ANECDOTE

OF

ARMAND DE BIRON.

ARMAND DE BIRON, a Marshal and Master of the Artillery of France, no less liberal than brave, when his Maître d'Hotel advised him to make a reform in his household, and get rid of some of his supernumerary servants ; giving as a reason, that he could do without them ; “ Perhaps so,” replied Biron, “ but let me know first, if they can do without me.

THE PRUDENT WIFE.

AT Tunbridge, some years ago, a gentleman, whose name was Hedges, made a very brilliant appearance ; he had been married about two years to a young lady of great beauty and large fortune ; they had one child, a boy, on whom they bestowed all that affection which they could spare from each other. He knew nothing of gaming, nor seemed to have the least passion for play ; but he was unacquainted with his own heart.

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He began by degrees to bet at the tables for trifling fums, and his soul took fire at the prospect of immediate gain. He was soon furrounded with sharpers, who with calmness lay in ambush for his fortune, and coolly took advantage of the precipitancy of his passions

His lady perceived the ruin of her family approaching, but at first, without being able to form any scheme to prevent it. She advised with her brother, who at that time was possessed of a fellowship in Cambridge. It was easily seen, that whatever passion took the lead in her husband's mind, seemed to be there fixed unalterably; it was determined, therefore, to let him pursue fortune, but previously to take measures to prevent the pursuits being fatal.

Accordingly, every night this gentleman was a constant attendant of the hazard-tables. He understood neither the arts of sharpers, nor even the allowed strokes of a connoisseur, yet he still played. The consequence is obvious. He lost his estate, his equipage, his wife's jewels, and every other moveable that could be parted with, except a repeating watch. His agony upon this occasion was inexpressible. He was even mean enough to ask a gentleman, who sat near him, to
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lend him a few pieces, in order to turn his fortune ; but this prudent gamester, who plainly saw there was no expectations of being repaid, refused to lend a farthing, alledging a former resolution against lending. Hedges was at last furious with the continuance of ill-success, and pulling out his watch, asked if any person in company would set him sixty guineas upon it. The company was silent. He then demanded fifty. Still no answer. He sunk to forty—thirty—twenty. Finding the company still without answering, he cried out, by G—d it shall never go for less, and dashed it against the floor ; at the same time attempting to dash out his brains against the marble chimney piece.

This last act of desperation immediately excited the attention of the whole company. They instantly gathered round, and prevented the effects of his passion ; and after he again become cool, he was permitted to return home, with fullen discontent, to his wife. Upon his entering her apartment, she received him with her usual tenderness and satisfaction, while he answered her caresses with contempt and severity ; his disposition being quite altered with his misfortunes. But, my dear Jemmy, says his wife, perhaps you do not know the news I have to tell you. My
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namma's old uncle is dead, the messenger is now in the house, and you know his estate is settled upon you. This account seemed to encrease his agony, and looking angrily at her, cried, there you lie, my dear, his estate is not settled upon me. I beg your pardon, says she, I really thought it was, at least you have always told me so. No, returned he, as sure as you and I are to be miserable here, and our children beggars hereafter, I have sold the reversion of it this day, and have lost every farthing I got for it at the hazard-table. What all? replied the lady. Yes, every farthing, returned he, and I owe a thousand pounds more than I have to pay.

Thus speaking, he took a few frantic steps across the room. When the lady had enjoyed his perplexity—No, my dear, cried she, you have lost but a trifle, and you owe nothing; our brother and I have taken care to prevent the effects of your rashness, and are actually the persons who have won your fortune; we employed proper persons for this purpose, who brought their winnings to me; your money, your equipage, are in my possession, and here I return them to you, from whom they were unjustly taken. I only ask permission to keep my jewels, and to keep you my greatest jewel, from such dangers for the future.

ture. Her prudence had the desired effect; he ever after retained a sense of his former follies, and never played for the smallest sums, even for amusement.

A LAW ANECDOTE.

THE glorious uncertainty of the law extends itself over every state where any regular code exists. Ingenuity of counsel in the explanation of periods, and interpretation of meaning, are exercised with as much success in the courts of our Gallic neighbours as in those of our own country. Some time before the abolition of the Jesuits, a gentleman of Paris died, and left all his estates from an only son, then abroad, to that body of religious men, on condition, that on his return, the worthy Fathers should give him whatever they should chuse. When the son came home, he went to the convent, and received but a small share indeed, the wise sons of Loyola *chusing* to keep the greatest part to themselves. The young gentleman consulted his friends, and all agreed that he was without remedy. At last a Barrister, to whom he happened to mention his case, advised him to sue the convent, and promised to gain him
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his cause. The gentleman followed his advice, and the suit terminated in his favour through the management of the advocate, who grounded his plea upon this reasoning : The testator, says the ingenious Barrister, has left his son that share of the estate which the Fathers should chuse ; *la partie qui leur plairoit*, are the exprefs words of the will. Now it is plain what part they have chosen, by what they keep to themselves. My client, then, stands upon the words of the will ; let me have, says he, the part they have chosen, and I am satisfied ; it was accordingly awarded him without hesitation.



